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IN UNIFORM AND WITH MONOCLE: GENERAL VON SEECKT
LEAVING AFTER THE FINAL CONFERENCE.



ENFORCING THE ALLIES' DEMANDS ON GERMANY:
MARSHAL FOCH; WITH GENERAL WEYGAND.

THE DISMISSAL OF THE GERMAN DELEGATES AFTER THEIR REJECTION OF THE ALLIES' REPARATION TERMS: THE CLOSE OF THE MEETING AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

The Conference at St. James's Palace on the subject of reparations ended, on March 7, in a rupture between the Allies and the German delegates, who declined to accept the conditions demanded. They left for Berlin on the following day. The Allies took steps to put in force the Ultimatum previously delivered to the Germans, including the occupation of Duisburg, Ruhrtort, and Düsseldorf. Orders

were telegraphed by Marshal Foch, Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wilson, and General Maglinse, to the French, British, and Belgian troops on the Rhine, to proceed with the occupation of the three towns. At the Conference, General von Seeckt, the German Commander-in-Chief, wore uniform, and had the air and appearance of a typical Prussian officer.



THE ceremonies of March 11 at Oxford add to the Queen's degrees that of D.C.L. Her Majesty already holds four academic distinctions; she is twice a Doctor of Music and twice an LL.D. The two former were conferred in 1902 and 1903 by the Universities of Wales and of London respectively; the two latter in 1907 and 1920 by Glasgow and Edinburgh. The Oxford D.C.L., coming so soon after the admission of women to full academic status at that University, bears unmistakable significance, and may be held to ratify an innovation much discussed. Queen Mary has always been a friend to the higher education of women, and is herself a student of philosophy, taking, it has been said, special interest in the works of Herbert Spencer.

Another interest of the Queen's is reflected happily in the first number of a new quarterly, the *Star and Garter Magazine*, conducted by the patients and staff of her Majesty's Home for Incurably Disabled Ex-Service Men. During the rebuilding of the Star and Garter at Richmond this Red Cross institution has been transferred to temporary premises at Sandgate. The periodical gives a lively account of the removal—no easy task where so many helpless patients were concerned—effected without a hitch in a single day. Every phase of life at the hospital is represented in the magazine, a very bright affair, which promises to fulfil admirably its intention of affording a vital and enduring link between the Home and its supporters throughout the world. It is good to know that surgical treatment has improved many cases at first believed hopeless. The new journalistic venture comes as a timely reminder of war-worn soldiers and sailors, many of whom must pass the rest of their days in hospital.

The ranks of ex-Service men have been swelled lately by a troop of another kind, those Temporary Civil Servants whom the broom of national economy has swept out of Whitehall. "In the clubs the young men's talk is all of jobs," a more fashionable counterpart to the box-rattling of the unemployed on the street. Literary ex-Temporaries have at least one compensation—a heightened appreciation of famous passages in "Little Dorrit." Many men, who in normal times could never have hoped to see the Departmental Machine from within, can now read the Circumlocution Office chapter with new understanding.

In justice, it must be admitted that the huge leisure of the Tite Barnacles has been curtailed. Hustle—incredible though it may seem—has invaded Whitehall. Nowadays men (and women) work there at high pressure, often putting in unpaid overtime to an extent that would give a good trade-unionist an apoplexy. But certain features of routine remain unchanged, and those who have come to know bureaucracy at first hand realise how accurate are many details of Arthur Clennam's visit to the Circumlocution Office. Gun-cleaning is no longer practised in the State's time, but the ritual of Minutes, Files, and eternal reference from

official to official endures. In its general effect the novelist's picture is marvellously accurate. Permanent officials might not see this, but the bird of passage, who looked inside with an outsider's eyes, can bear fresh testimony to Dickens's knack of evolving essential truth, in the long run, from his web of merely comical exaggerations.

Here, not inappropriately perhaps, one may interpolate a note on the secret history of a new London landmark. Early in the war, the building designed as the headquarters of Agriculture and Fisheries was handed over to the Ministry of Munitions and rechristened "Armament Buildings," these words being superimposed on the

Judicial ignorance, that other enduring idiosyncrasy of office, has just been raised to the sublime, most fittingly by the act of Mr. Justice Darling. The learned Judge, it appears, was moved in a recent trial to ask the question, "Who is Old Nick?" This leaves the Connie Gilchrist query, hitherto the standard example, a mere "also ran," most mild and excusable by contrast. Darling, J., so excellent in light verse, should not thus go back on his great colleague in that pleasant art, Thomas Ingoldsby, who made Old Nick his very own.

But there is a further aggravation of culpability. It was a professional lapse, a cut direct to a legal brother, for (see "The Lay of St. Cuthbert") "Nick is pretty well up in the laws." Perhaps, however, Sir Charles was preoccupied with his Martial Elegy on the Burial of the Unknown Warrior, performed to music last week at the Albert Hall.

One incident of these past days, it is to be hoped, will not become a legal precedent—the use of hypnotism as a means of extracting admissions from accused persons. Almost simultaneously with the story of hypnotic inquisition came another of a condemned prisoner respite because he had committed murder during a "brain-storm." If one abnormal mental condition be an excuse, surely another abnormal condition should not afford condemnatory evidence.

Only hypnotism, if even that, could resolve the wistful and romantic question posed in a letter written by a French missionary in New Caledonia to M. d'Andigne, a member of the Paris Municipality. This is nothing more or less than the starting of an inquiry into the present whereabouts of Joan of Arc's armour. The writer of the letter, a Lorrainer and devotee of the Maid, has cherished for half a century a poetical dream that the armour, a gilded suit, in which Joan was taken prisoner at Compiègne, must have been conveyed to London, and may exist in some collection. Nothing short of occult means seems likely to help the search. Those who believe in such mysteries hold that personal belongings do retain some trace of their owner's personality, and that this is communicable to the sensitive. But the Quest of the Armour of this Dead Lady must remain, one fears, in the limbo of forlorn yet charming fantasies. Where is the new François Villon to write a new Ballade on this most intriguing theme, although



THE WOMAN EXPLORER WHO HAS MAPPED THE LIBYAN DESERT: MRS. ROSITA FORBES, WHO REACHED THE OASIS OF KUFRA.

Mrs. Rosita Forbes has just accomplished a remarkable exploit which entitles her to take rank as a notable explorer. She has travelled from Cyrenaica to Egypt by an entirely new route; has mapped hitherto unexplored districts; and has visited Kufra. She is only the second European to reach this oasis, the headquarters of the Senussi, and, to accomplish this, had to disguise herself as an Arab woman, taking the name of Sitt Khadija, wearing Moslem dress, speaking Arabic and reciting the Koran. She found the journey very perilous; was chased by a robber band; nearly parched with thirst, and, on another occasion, almost starved. She discovered uncharted wells and made the journey to Siwa by a waterless route never before followed by a European. Mrs. Forbes is well known to readers of "The Illustrated London News" by reason of an article describing a previous journey, published in this paper on August 7, 14, 21, and 28, 1920. [Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.]

proper domestic title already cut on the monolith over the door. Recently, when the Department of Husbandry and Pisciculture at length got possession of its own offices, the temporary title, "Armament Buildings," was removed, revealing the original legend. But that—"Board of Agriculture and Fisheries"—was now out of date and had to be chipped away. It seemed a great opportunity for millennial symbolism to replace "Armament Buildings" with "Ploughshare House." But the Powers-that-Be did not rise to it, and the fresh inscription merely records the erection of the former Board into a full-fledged Ministry.

it could only end with the same refrain as his song of Roman Flora, Archipiade, Thais, Héloïse, and the rest? "Where are the snows of yesteryear?"

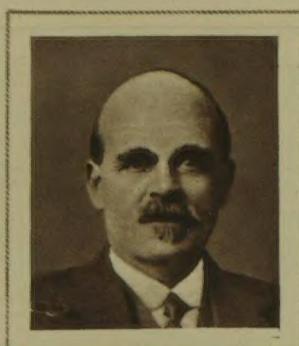
Tell me, what realm to-day may hold,
Where shall we find, in hall or fane,
That armour of proof, enwrought with gold,
Jeanne wore on the field of Compiègne,
In the hour that saw her fortune wane
And yielded her grace to a captor's jeer?
Nay, quest not the treasure, for quest were vain
As to seek for the snows of yesteryear!
So a Ballade might begin; but any attempt to imitate Maistre François is a hanging matter.
"May the Muse pardon us of her grace!"—J. D. S.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BARRATT, ELLIOTT AND FRY, HOPPÉ, IAN SMITH (EDINBURGH), LAFAYETTE, WIDE WORLD PHOTOS, BASSANO, C.N., TOPICAL, MANUEL, PHOTOPRESS, KUNTZEMÜLLER, AND FARRINGDON PHOTO CO.



LABOUR DEFEATS A MINISTER: MR. J. WILSON, M.P. FOR DUDLEY.



THE LABOUR VICTORY AT PENISTONE: ALDERMAN W. GILLIS, M.P.



ELECTED AN R.A.: SIR JOHN LAVERY, THE FAMOUS PAINTER.



ELECTED AN R.A. ENGRAVER: MR. WILLIAM STRANG.



AN EMINENT DERMATOLOGIST DEAD: THE LATE DR. P. S. ABRAHAM.



A LABOUR VICTORY AT KIRKCALDY: MR. TOM KENNEDY, M.P., CHAIRED.



A COALITION VICTORY AT WOOLWICH: CAPT. R. GEE, V.C., THE NEW MEMBER.



KILLED IN A SINK FEIN AMBUSH: THE LATE COL. H. R. CUMMING, D.S.O.



THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES: PRESIDENT HARDING (LEFT) GREETED BY MR. W. J. BRYAN.



COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE ALLIED TROOPS OF OCCUPATION: GEN. DEGOUTTE.



A FAMOUS FRENCH AUTHOR RECENTLY LECTURING IN LONDON: M. PAUL LOYSON.



THE "UNCROWNED QUEEN" OF MESOPOTAMIA: MISS GERTRUDE BELL.



EX-SPEAKER, U.S. HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES: THE LATE MR. CHAMP CLARK.



THE NEW COMMANDANT OF R.I.C. CADETS: BRIG.-GEN. E. A. WOOD,

Mr. James Wilson (Labour) defeated Sir A. Griffith-Boscawen, the new Minister for Agriculture, in the by-election at Dudley.—Alderman Gillis (Labour) headed the poll in the Penistone by-election.—Sir John Lavery has been elected a Royal Academician, and Mr. William Strang a Royal Academician Engraver.—Dr. Phineas Simon Abraham was Dermatologist to the West London Hospital.—Mr. Tom Kennedy (Labour) defeated Sir Robert Lockhart (Co. Lib.) in the by-election at Kirkcaldy.—Colonel-Commandant H. R. Cumming, Military Governor of Kerry, was killed in an ambush near Clonbannin on March 5.—Mr. Warren Gamaliel Harding took the oath as twenty-ninth President of the United States at Washington on March 4. He recently visited Mr. W. J. Bryan in Florida.—Captain R. Gee, V.C. (Co. Un.) defeated Mr. Ramsay Macdonald (Labour) in the by-election at East Woolwich.—General Degoutte

is Commander-in-Chief of the Allied troops of Occupation at Mainz.—Sir Felix Semon, the eminent throat specialist, died on March 1, aged 72.—Mr. Champ Clark was formerly Speaker of the United States House of Representatives.—M. Paul Hyacinthe Loyson, the famous French author, arranged to lecture at the Institut Français in South Kensington on March 20. On the 16th he is to be entertained to dinner at the Lyceum Club. The chair will be taken by Lady Frazer, who has translated one of M. Loyson's books—"The Gods in Battle."—Miss Gertrude Bell, a Staff Political Officer in Mesopotamia, will attend the Conference regarding that country to be held in Egypt, with Mr. Churchill present.—King Nicholas of Montenegro died at Antibes on March 1. He was buried at San Remo on March 4.—General Wood has succeeded General Crozier (resigned) as Commandant of R.I.C. auxiliaries.

FAR AND NEAR: ROWING; "RUGGER"; DELHI; ÆSCHYLUS AT

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., WALTER BENINGTON, SPORT AND GENERAL.



IN TRAINING FOR THE 'VARSITY BOAT-RACE': THE CAMBRIDGE CREW PRACTISING AT MARLOW.



ÆSCHYLUS AT CAMBRIDGE: MR. RYLANDS AS ELECTRA.

AT DELHI: THE DUKE AND GENERAL

CAMBRIDGE; MI-CARÊME IN PARIS; GERMANS IN LONDON.

BESSELL, TOPICAL, ROH, AND FARRINGTON PHOTO CO.



CONNAUGHT (RIGHT) AS CLYTENNESTRA AT CAMBRIDGE: MR. H. C. N. BARTON



IN TRAINING FOR THE 'VARSITY BOAT-RACE': THE OXFORD CREW PRACTISING AT HENLEY.



BOUGHT AS A WELSH NATIONAL MEMORIAL: CRAIG-Y-NOS CASTLE, THE LATE MME. PATTI'S HOME.



THE ORESTEAN TRILOGY OF ÆSCHYLUS AT CAMBRIDGE: AGAMEMNON (MR. W. L. RUNCIMAN, TRINITY) ENTERING HIS PALACE.



THE ORESTEAN TRILOGY: ORESTES (MR. D. H. BEVES, KING'S, ON THE LEFT) AND ELECTRA (CENTRE) AT AGAMEMNON'S TOMB.



THE HOME OF THE SNN FEIN "PRESIDENT": MR. DE VALERA'S HOUSE IN WICKLOW, CRAIG CLATH (GREYSTONES).



THE MI-CARÊME CARNIVAL IN PARIS: THE CAR OF THE QUEENS, WITH A WOODEN-LEGGED POSTILION.



THE ARMY v. R.A.F. (STRIPED JERSEYS) "RUGGER" MATCH AT QUEEN'S CLUB: HOT WORK IN A LOOSE "SCRUM."



THE KING ENJOYS WATCHING "RUGGER": HIS MAJESTY (SECOND FROM LEFT) AT THE ARMY v. R.A.F. MATCH.



SINCE RETURNED TO BERLIN AFTER REJECTING THE ALLIED DEMANDS: DR. SIMONS AND OTHER GERMANS IN THE EMBANKMENT GARDENS.

The University Boat Race will be rowed on March 30. The photograph of the Cambridge crew shows (left to right) Messrs. H. O. C. Boret, A. G. W. Penney, A. B. Ritchie, A. D. B. Pearson, H. B. Playford, J. A. Campbell, the Hon. J. W. H. Fremantle, F. H. G. H. S. Hartley (Stroke), and L. E. Stephens (Cox). The Oxford crew shown (l. to r.) Messrs. F. Mallon, F. B. Lothrop, D. L. Coates, D. T. Raikes, W. E. C. James, R. C. S. Lucas, G. O. Nickalls, S. Earl (Stroke), and W. H. Porritt (Cox). Changes have since been made in the Oxford boat—Cambridge has recently witnessed a remarkably fine production of the Orestean trilogy of Æschylus—the "Agamemnon," "Cophetusa," and "Eumenides," condensed into a single play and acted, in the original Greek, by members of the University. Nine performances were given at the New Theatre. The acting, and the music by Mr. Armstrong Gibbs, were alike excellent.—The Duke of Connaught inaugurated the two new representative Indian Chambers—the Council of State and the Legislative Assembly—at Delhi on February 9. General Lord Rawlinson is Commander-in-Chief in India.—The Welsh National Memorial Association

has bought Craig-y-Nos Castle, the seat of the late Baroness Cederstrom (formerly famous as Mme. Patti, the singer).—Mr. De Valera, the Sinn Fein leader, is said to have paid flying visit to his house in Co. Wicklow, Craig Clath (or Greystones) since his return from America, but, when a Pressman called there recently, was said to be "not at home."—At the Mi-Carême (mid-Lent) Carnival in Paris, twenty-three "Queens" rode in a decorated car. The Queen of Queens was Mlle. Yvonne Bevin, a typist.—The King watched the Rugby football match between the Army and the Royal Air Force, at Queen's Club, on March 5. The R.A.F. won by 26 points to 3 points.—The German delegates to the London Conference left for Berlin on March 8, after receiving the Allies' announcement that the ultimatum would be enforced. Our photograph shows, from left to right (in front), Herr Roedinger, Dr. Simons, and Herr von Simson; behind, Dr. Kep and a German detective. On the front page of this number is a photograph of General von Seckel, the German Commander-in-Chief, who represented the War Ministry on the delegation.

ART IN THE SALE ROOMS

BY ARTHUR HAYDEN.

"OLD PICTURES"
as a title of an auction catalogue suggests nothing or it suggests all. It is the *ignis fatuus*, the Friar's lantern, or the

alluring *Fata Morgana* which lead errant collectors into stray paths of art. Old canvases, with their hall-mark of seeming age, their bismuth evanishments, and their masterly ineptitudes, mesmerise the uninitiate, whose first introduction into the world of pigment disturbs their equilibrium. The world of art is so different from the Wool Exchange and Mincing Lane! Here is the halo of romance unknown in those babels of commerce. The tyro is goaded into action: behold him bidding for unknown Holbeins, conglomerate Vandycks, and nebulous Lelys and Knellers; but he dearly loves a Leader—that is something he really appreciates. Monsieur Jourdain, who spoke prose for forty years without knowing it, is not dead.

So much for pictures in general. But of old pictures in particular, the dispersal by Messrs. Christie on March 4 of Mary Lady Carbery's collection from Castle Freke, Cork, falls into another category. The portrait of Susan Lady Carbery by Beechey, standing on a terrace with a harp, exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1799, sold for 340 guineas. Nicholas Maes we know, with his masterpieces at the Rijks Museum, Amsterdam, and at the National Gallery, London (where there are four). Here is a family group—the interior of a Dutch château, with a gentleman, his wife, and family, and through the open window a view of the church of Dordrecht. This is signed, and dated 1656, and brought 3000 guineas. Dirck Stoop misled Walpole by his Christian name, Roderigo in Portuguese, or Dirck or Thierry, which he used as he fancied, and by the suggestion which the painter made of a supposed brother Pieter. Walpole accordingly made three men of him; but there is only one Dirck Stoop, with free clouds and sky and quivering motion. He outrivals Meissonier in romantic posture; he suggests the freedom of the Dutch colonials of the South African veldt in his wonderful horsemen; and when he likes he can be the George Morland of Holland without anyone suspecting it—as in the "Forge," with a farmer shoeing a white horse. Wilson's wonderful landscapes went awry in his own day, but are acclaimed nowadays. It was Vernet, the great French painter, who told Wilson to study landscape. But his own generation neglected him, and he had to solicit the post of librarian at the Royal Academy. A Wilson is here offered, a "Lake Scene," with boats and figures in the foreground; and the composition of Wilson is always quietly and dreamily classic. It is as though the southern sun of Italy had silently and nebulously illuminated some

haven of England wherein the painter might for the moment catch that passing glimpse of poesie. From the collection of Lord Redesdale comes a Guercino of the "Madonna and Child with the Infant St. John," in a landscape. A Gierveldt portrait of a gentleman is noticeable. Morland came forward in a new guise to the general collector. His canvas of "A View in the Isle of Wight," with a wreck and figures landing salvage, is Turner-esque in its outlook. Morland's coast scenes have a wonderful strength and beauty.

On the same day Messrs. Puttick and Simpson were selling Chinese porcelain, embroideries, and

of others. One may hesitate between a Morland "Keeper and Poachers" or a Perugino "Madonna." A Cuyp portrait of Admiral Van Tromp may be set against a Gainsborough portrait of an "Officer of the 4th Regiment of Foot," in scarlet military coat, standing on a sea-shore. A fine Hoppner comes to the front in the portrait of Charles, Duke of Richmond, in scarlet military uniform, wearing the Order of the Garter. It has a good pedigree, being from the collection of Mr. T. Baring, and having been exhibited at the New Gallery in 1899-1900. A Raeburn portrait of John Home is interesting. He was a minister and a dramatist, the author of "Douglas," which prompted some of his compatriots to exclaim "Whaur's your Wullie Shakespeare noo?" He fought in the Royal Army in the rebellion in 1745, and was taken prisoner at Falkirk.

A Reynolds portrait of Miss Emelia Vansittart, daughter of the Governor of Bengal, was painted in 1773, and represents the sitter in brown dress with blue ribbon in her hair, holding a pet spaniel. Another Reynolds portrait is Mrs. Nisbet as Circe, in white muslin dress, with panther by her side, with landscape background. Two Botticellis, one "The Nativity," and the other the "Virgin and Child with Saints," will not go unchallenged by the cognoscenti. The interesting "Fight between the Centaurs and the Lapithæ," by Bartolommeo di Giovanni, has been exhibited at Burlington House and the New Gallery, as has also Filippo Lippi's "Madonna and Child Enthroned with Saints," where Renaissance art is exuberant with its details of costume. "The Clavering Children," by Romney, painted in 1777, shows the painter disengaged from his Lady Hamilton series; at the same time, it indicates where certain modern portraitists have obtained their freedom of air and space, the leaping hound, and the windy heath. Romney's "Lady Napier," an austere dame, was an ordinary sitter. But Romney had his thoughts elsewhere; the cabinet-maker came to London and never went back to his wife in Westmorland for thirty-seven years. "This country wife would ruin everything. How could I have her here and keep her bottled up, and how could I present her? Fancy Lady Hamilton having a talk with her! Fancy me, with these deep, classic, thronging conceptions, Titanic glimpses of nature and the passions, presenting a missus who says 'Yes, Mum,' and 'No, Mum,' and calls me 'our George'!" But his wife nursed him till he died, and Lady Hamilton died in a garret at Boulogne. Such is Fate. But Romney stands as the painter of Lady Hamilton always, and one recalls Browning's "Time has its Revenges." Remembering all and forgiving all to the artistic temperament, we forget the human and linger over the divine.



A REYNOLDS COMING UNDER THE HAMMER:
THE PORTRAIT OF MISS EMElia VANSITTART,
PAINTED IN 1773.

Miss Emelia Vansittart was a daughter of Mr. Henry Vansittart, Governor of Bengal, and afterwards wife of Mr. Edward Parry, Director of the East India Company. This portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds will be offered for sale at Christie's on March 18.

By Courtesy of Messrs. Christie, Manson and Woods.

Chinese objects of art, the property of the late Venerable Archdeacon Gray, and other properties. The cover for a state umbrella embroidered with the Immortals standing on waves among clouds with dragons and phoenix, and a pair of cloisonné-enamel figures of quails, were noticeable; these latter were on the original wood stand, carved as a fruit-tree. Two fine cylindrical vases at once claimed the attention of connoisseurs, painted with scenes with the Chinese Empress and attendants in a summer-house. They were K'ang-hsi porcelain.

Such examples as these are becoming rarer, and collectors must not tarry.

A three days' sale of books by Messrs. Sotheby on March 14, 15, and 16 included a collection of English plays of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. There are first editions of Drayton's "Polyolbion," 1613; "Paradise Lost," 1668; Oliver Goldsmith's "Citizen of the World," two vols., Dublin, 1762—an unknown and unrecorded edition. The same firm on March 17 and 18 are selling books from the library of Mr. J. P. Heseltine. The "Memoirs of Casanova," for the first time translated into English, twelve vols., suggests the thought that Thackeray liberally used these memoirs to build up his fascinating history of "Barry Lyndon," that Irish adventurer and card-sharper. There are quaint Bible pictures, 294 wood-cuts by Petit Bernard, printed at Lyons in 1553, the first edition in English. Who reads Anthony Trollope nowadays? Here are first editions of his "Last Chronicles of Barset," and others. In the first complete edition of Homer's Iliad, by Chapman, circa 1612, one's thoughts go to John Keats, the young poet who was fascinated in dipping into this volume.

A great sale-making precedent in prices of primitive pictures and early English portraits is that of Messrs. Christie's on March 18, being the dispersal of the collections of the late Mr. J. F. Austen and of the late Sir William A. Clavering, Bt., and



A ROMNEY PORTAIT COMING UNDER THE HAMMER:
LADY NAPIER, WIFE OF THE SEVENTH BARON NAPIER.
Romney's portrait of Lady Napier will be included in the sale at Christie's, on March 18, of Early English Portraits and Works by Old Masters, belonging to the late Sir William Clavering, Bt., together with a number of important Italian pictures.

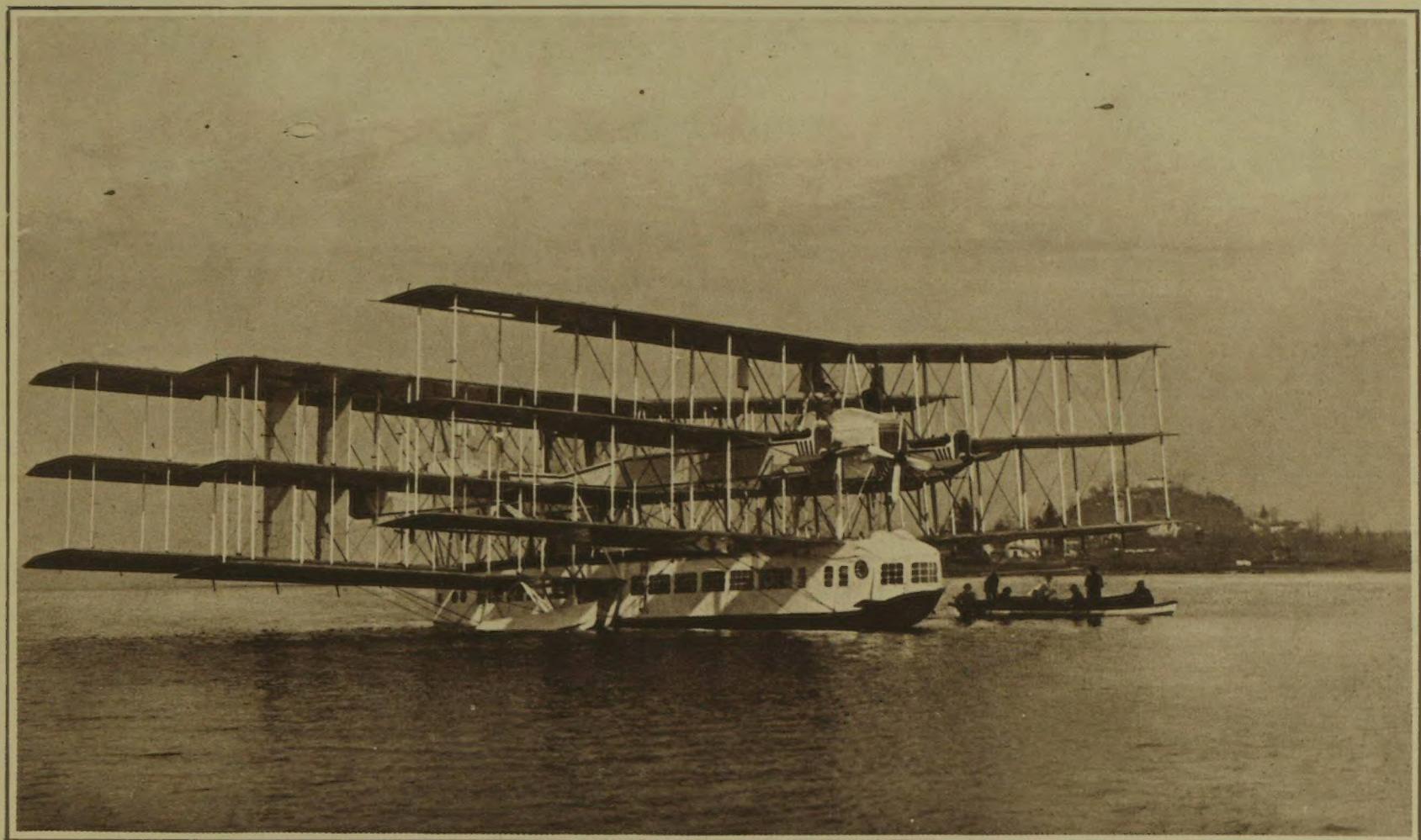
By Courtesy of Messrs. Christie, Manson and Woods.



AN OPEN-AIR PHASE OF ROMNEY'S ART:
"THE CLAVERING CHILDREN," PAINTED IN 1777.

This picture was also in the collection of Sir William Clavering, and will come up for sale at Christie's on the 18th. The two children are Thomas John and Catherine Mary Clavering. The boy succeeded to the title as eighth Baronet. The girl died unmarried in 1785.

By Courtesy of Messrs. Christie, Manson and Woods.

An Accident to the World's Largest Flying-Boat: The Giant Caproni Seaplane.

DAMAGED DURING HER SECOND TRIAL FLIGHT ON LAKE MAGGIORE: THE MONSTER CAPRONI SEAPLANE "NINEPLANNEN," DESIGNED TO CARRY ONE HUNDRED PASSENGERS.

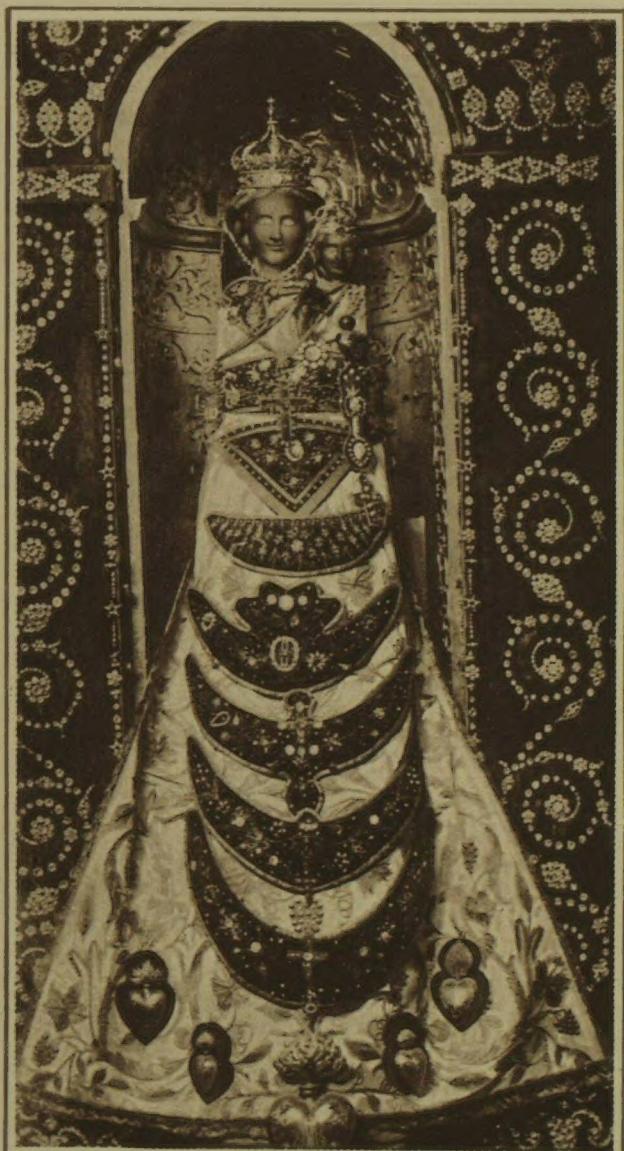
The new giant Caproni seaplane, whose construction has taken a year of secret work, made her first trial flight over Lake Maggiore on March 2, carrying only pilots and $1\frac{1}{2}$ tons of ballast. She rose to a height of 21 feet, and flew for about 400 yards. During the second trial flight on March 4, something went wrong, and the seaplane alighted badly, damaging the central keel and under-

parts. The crew were not injured. The machine, which is called the "Nineplannen," is at present the largest flying-boat in the world. Her total weight is 30 tons, and she is driven by eight 400-h.p. Liberty motors. The wing-span is 130 feet. A still larger seaplane has been ordered from the Caproni Brothers for the United States Navy Department.—[PHOTOGRAPH BY G.P.A.]

The Fabled Home of the Virgin Destroyed by Fire: The Holy House of Loreto.

SAID TO HAVE BEEN MIRACULOUSLY TRANSPORTED FROM NAZARETH TO ITALY: THE HOLY HOUSE OF LORETO, WITH THE FAMOUS "VIRGIN" OVER THE ALTAR.

A fire occurred on the night of February 23 in the Santa Casa, or Holy House, in the famous basilica at Loreto, on the Adriatic coast. The whole interior of the Holy House was destroyed, including the famous wooden statue of the Madonna and Child over the altar. Legend ascribed the figure to St. Luke. The body wore a rich robe, covered with gold, silver, and jewels. The Holy House was believed to have been the Virgin's home at Nazareth, miraculously carried to



ONCE BELIEVED TO BE THE WORK OF ST. LUKE: THE STATUE OF THE VIRGIN AND CHILD—NOW DESTROYED.

Italy after the Saracen conquest of Palestine in the thirteenth century. It stood in the middle of the church, enclosed in a square marble casing. The church itself was not damaged by the fire. The fire was apparently caused by a short circuit in the electric-lighting apparatus recently installed, but it has since been reported that the Bishop of Loreto received warning last January that criminals intended to set fire to the sanctuary by bombs.

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By E. B. OSBORN.

IN "NOTES ON LIFE AND LETTERS" (Dent; 9s. net), Mr. Joseph Conrad, though he compares this collecting of more or less fugitive papers to a process

of tidying up, remains always, and in all places, the master of a pell-mell and precise style. We have him here in many an attitude (but never in a platitude): as critic, as statesman, as sailorman, as dispenser of reminiscences, as controversialist with or without the gloves on. "The only thing that will not be found amongst

always life with Mr. Conrad; never a bright and remote and other-worldly sphere like the Moon slowly climbing among the stars to her ghostly noon. When discussing such a practical matter as the "Protection of Ocean Liners," he is a man whose life has been all action, a life of unceasing vigilance in the presence of the strong and insatiate sea. It is his sense of actuality as to what it truly is—not a mechanism nor a block-universe, but a profound and tide-racked ocean—which lends the quality of truth touched with mystery to his novels (also he is a great story-teller) and makes his criticism something more even than a minor art. Here is his definition of the novelist's function—

In truth every novelist must begin by creating for himself a world, great or little, in which he can honestly believe. This world cannot be made otherwise than in his own image; it is fated to remain individual and a little mysterious, and yet it must resemble something already familiar to the experience, the thoughts and the sensations of his readers. At the heart of fiction, even the least worthy of the name, some sort of truth can be found—if only the truth of a childish theatrical ardour in the game of life, as in the novels of Dumas the father. But the fair truth of human delicacy can be found in Mr. Henry James's novels; and the comical, appalling truth of human rapacity let loose among the spoils of existence lives in the monstrous world created by Balzac.

In the *siccum lumen* of this definition, Mr. Conrad reviews Alphonse Daudet, Guy de Maupassant, Anatole France, Stephen Crane, and Turgenev—and it is in Turgenev's present fate, as compared with that of the convulsed, terror-haunted Dostoievski (who does seem just now to reflect the shaken and unbalanced world of to-day) that he sees the tragical comedy of the literary life. More successfully than any other modern novelist (excepting, perhaps, Tchekov) Turgenev has tried to see the world of men as it is and to see it whole. Yet he is to-day the least considered of the greater Russian novelists, and this sad truth causes Mr. Conrad to declare (addressing Mr. Edward Garnett, whose "study" of Turgenev is an invaluable book) "if you had Antinous himself in a booth of the world's fair, and killed yourself in protesting his soul was as fair as his body, you wouldn't

get one per cent. of the crowd struggling next door for a sight of the Double-headed Nightingale or of some weak-kneed giant grinning through a horse-collar." It is true; the truly great novelists "sup late," as Landor said of himself.

It is not possible to place "WHY WE SHOULD READ —" (Grant Richards; 9s. net), by S. P. B. Mais, in the same category as Mr. Conrad's book of views and reviews. Yet Mr. Mais has a fine and contagious enthusiasm, and, if we think him a less reliable guide to the comparative merits of Dostoievski than Mr. Edward Garnett, there is no denying that his appreciations are just—and none the worse, I think, for leaning to the side of poetic justice! I could forgive him many more sins of commission and omission than he is likely to commit, for his commendation of the stories of Mr. E. C. Booth (the Thomas Hardy of Yorkshire), and of the poetry of Mr. Francis Brett Young, whose "Prothalgium" beginning—

When the evening came my love
said to me:
Let us go into the garden now that
the sky is cool,
The garden of black hellebore and rosemary,
Where wild woodruff spills in a milky pool,

is worthy to be set with Meredith's "Love in the Valley" as a companion piece. Mr. Brett-Young,

as I said here some time ago, is the likeliest of all the younger writers to come second to Mr. Conrad, and his new novel, "THE BLACK DIAMOND" (Collins Sons; 7s. 6d. net) shows a distinct gain in scope and power, especially in the quick portraiture of women. He still seems to hover between pure realism and the bright fantasy of his earlier work, the graces of which he still retains. Reserve, without loss of frankness, is a Conradsque quality in his admirable picture of the miner's life of work and play, whence the noble nature of Abner Fellows emerges so impressively. If only he is not tempted into that "grooviness" so amply rewarded by the British public—Mr. W. J. Locke, whose new story "THE MOUNTEBANK" (Lane; 7s. 6d. net), gives us a hero of pleasing irresponsibility, might have been Meredith's successor but for the temptation—Mr. Brett-Young will justify our highest hopes.

A little orgy of novel-reading has renewed two old literary friendships. "SHE AND ALLAN" (Hutchinson; 8s. 6d. net), by H. Rider Haggard, brings two of the protagonists of romance, Ayesha and Umslopogaas, into juxtaposition in a moving yarn of mysterious adventure. "She-who-must-be-obeyed" is still the half-divine, half-malign half-goddess (it appears both Aphrodite and Isis cursed her!), Umslopogaas meets a giant worthy of his axe, and Allan Quatermain is the leader of men he was aforesome. "DODO WONDERS" (Hutchinson; 8s. 6d. net) did not please me so much, for Dodo in her fifty-fifth year is irresponsible with an effort, and her doings have degenerated into a sort of brisk facetiousness. But "HAGAR'S HOARD" (Heinemann; 8s. 6d. net), by George Kibbe Turner, a new American novelist, is an extraordinary achievement, with its dreadful picture of Memphis in the Southern States ravaged by the Plague (a virulent form of yellow fever, perhaps), and deserted by its whole population.



A FAMOUS FINNISH COMPOSER WHO HAS BEEN CONDUCTING AT QUEEN'S HALL: M. JEAN SIBELIUS.

M. Sibelius recently made his first public appearance in England as a conductor at the Queen's Hall, where his Fifth Symphony was heard for the first time here. He has since conducted other works of his at the same hall, including the Symphonic Poem, "Les Océanides," Valse Lyrique, and Elegie from the "King Christian II." Suite. His "Finlandia" was forbidden in Finland during the Russian régime there, as it stirred patriotic feeling.—[Photograph by Breitkopf and Härtel.]

those Figures and Things that have passed away," he says in his prefatory note, "is Conrad *en pantoufles* . . . Schlafrack und Pantoffeln! Not that! Never." And he goes on to liken himself to a certain South American general who used to say that no emergency of war or peace had ever found him "with his boots off." Indeed, we never catch him for a moment in the literary equivalent of dressing-gown and bedroom slippers, though he does not don a Court suit to write in, as Hadyn did. Yet English is only his adopted tongue, and thirty-seven years ago, when he wrote it for the first time (in a letter asking for a berth as able seaman), he could only speak it so as to produce "a series of vocal sounds which must have borne sufficient resemblance to the phonetics of English speech." Yet in the impeccable precision of his style, the words fitting the thought like a glove its hand, I sometimes seem to catch a faint suggestion of a brilliant yet sound scholar translating out of his own language. There is at times, in Mr. Conrad's incomparable English, a slight sense of detachment and disinterestedness, as though an artist were standing away from his picture and looking at it critically. But never do you note in his work those traces and touches of the exotic which are characteristic of nearly all Anglo-Irish poets and prose-writers. Ireland is far more alien to English mentality than Poland. And one proof of this assertion is to be found in Mr. Conrad's "Crime of Partition" (one of three articles on Poland here reprinted), which reminds us that, in all the long and lamentable history of Polish oppression, only one shot has ever been fired that was not in battle—only one! And the man who fired it in Paris at the Emperor Alexander II. was but an individual connected with no organisation, representing no shade of Polish opinion.

The Pole turned artist is, like M. Paderewski, always a man of action. That is why literature is



A NOTED BARITONE HEARD RECENTLY AT STEINWAY HALL: MR. DE CARO.

Mr. de Caro, the well-known baritone, gave a successful concert at Steinway Hall on March 4. He was heard in several operatic numbers, and also read passages from his book, "The Art of Singing," demonstrating their meaning.

Photograph by Hanau.

Mr. Turner's descriptions have a haunting power that recalls the Thucydidean picture of the plague at Athens. It is the most enthralling story we have had for a long time from an American hand.

A BRITISH AIR-SERVICE STARVED OUT: SUBSIDISED FRENCH RIVALS.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN PARIS, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



1. BRITISH PILOTS OUT OF WORK AT LE BOURGET: EXAMINING THE ATMOSPHERIC CHART FOR THE LAST TIME.
2. THE LAST CROSS-CHANNEL MAIRS CARRIED IN A BRITISH MACHINE: TAKING THEM ABOARD A HANDLEY-PAGE.

For lack of timely financial support from the Government, which would have enabled them to meet competition from the heavily subsidised French machines, Messrs. Handley Page were compelled recently to discontinue their cross-Channel air service between London and Paris. What has been Britain's loss is France's opportunity, for the French Government, apparently, has greater faith in the national value of commercial flying, and is prepared to spend more money in

3. A FRENCH PARIS-LONDON AIR SERVICE OUSTS THE BRITISH: A FARMAN "GOLIATH" ARRIVING AT LE BOURGET WITH MAIRS FROM LONDON.
4. THE LAST BRITISH CROSS-CHANNEL FLIGHT WITH THE MAIRS: A HANDLEY-PAGE LEAVING LE BOURGET FOR LONDON.

fostering it. The British Air Estimates provide for a future subsidy of £60,000, but the help did not come in time, and meanwhile the British service has had to stop. Mr. Churchill, in introducing the Estimates on March 1, promised the immediate establishment of a Committee to discuss the subject, but this was cold comfort, most airmen thinking that aviation has suffered enough from Committees already.—[Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S FIRST POINT-TO-POINT: H.R.H.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL, NEWSPAPER



FOLLOWED BY AN ADMIRING CROWD: THE PRINCE RIDES TO THE START.



BEFORE BEING WEIGHED IN: THE PRINCE WITH LORD DALMENY.

RIDING IN THE GRENADIER GUARDS' POINT-TO-POINT:
THE PRINCE TAKING A FENCE.

AFTER FALLING AT THE SECOND FENCE:

THIRD, AFTER A FALL, IN THE GRENADIER GUARDS' RACE.

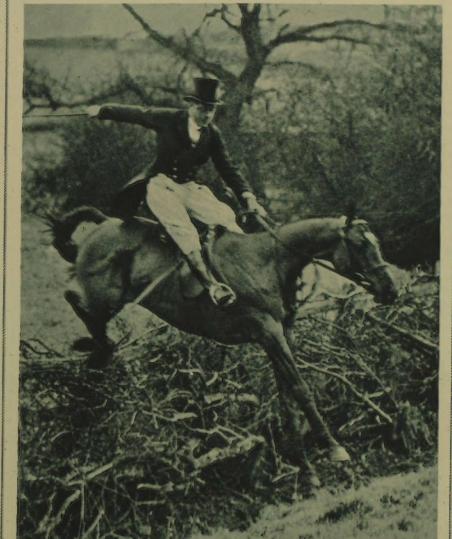
ILLUSTRATIONS, FARRINGDON PHOTO CO., AND C.N.

AFTER THE RACE: THE PRINCE BEARING
MARKS OF HIS FALL.

BEFORE THE RACE: THE PRINCE ON HIS GELDING, PET DOG.



THE PRINCE (ON FOOT) ABOUT TO REMOUNT.

THE RACE FOR LORD MANNERS' CUP: THE PRINCE OF WALES
TAKING A FENCE.

The Prince of Wales is a keen rider, as he showed in Australia during his tour. Since his return he has done a good deal of hunting. On March 4 he took part, for the first time, in a point-to-point race at the meeting held at Warden Hill by the Grenadier and Coldstream Guards. The Prince, mounted on his gelding, Pet Dog, rode in the Grenadier Guards' race for Lord Manners' Cup, and, although he fell at the second fence, came in third out of a field of sixteen. He was delighted with his first experience

of point-to-point racing, and made light of his fall, which fortunately caused no injury. The winner of the race was Lord Dalkeith, and Lord Henry Seymour was second. Before the race the Prince walked over the course. He had arranged to change at a farm, but as there was not time to do so, he changed in his motor-car instead. He is seen standing at the door of the car in the third photograph from the right in the upper row.

Wonders of Little-Known Central Africa.

No. II.—BLOODTHIRSTY "CORONATION" CEREMONIES ONCE PRACTISED IN BUNYORO.

By the Rev. JOHN ROSCOE.

NO king might die a natural death from senile decay or from sickness; when the king was growing old, or was seriously ill, it was his duty to end his life, which was usually done by poisoning himself. The medicine-man attached to the royal residence kept the drugs at hand, and, when commanded, he prepared the potion

which in a few moments ended the monarch's life. It was not permissible for the people to speak of the late king as dead: he was alluded to as having passed into another place of existence.

When the king died, it was the duty of the prime chief to have the body stitched in a cow-hide at once; and the death was kept secret until arrangements were made in the

A "TRINCULO" OF UGANDA: THE BUFOON, OR COURT JESTER, OF THE KING OF BUNYORO.

Photograph by the Rev. John Roscoe.

royal household for the inevitable war which must follow. Princes and princesses were removed to a distance, and other property was secured. For a few days the sacred cows were milked as though for the king; a particular royal spear was placed in the throne-room when the king was absent during the milking; and the milk was brought in as though the king had only become indisposed. When the death was announced, a cowman, from the number of those who milked the sacred cows, was told to mount a royal hut with a pot of milk from the king's cows; this he raised above his head and shouted: "The king has gone: who will drink the milk?" He then dashed the pot to the ground, smashing it and spilling the milk. When he descended from the hut, he was seized by the soldiers and strangled, and his body was cast out of the enclosure.

At the news of the king's death, rival princes, aspirants for the throne, ran to arms, and fought for their favourite prince. The guild of chiefs assembled and kept guard over the body of the dead king until the war ended. For days, sometimes for months, the war continued until the rivals were killed, leaving one only to take the throne. Sometimes several princes aspired to the throne, and each fought with his army, and as one fell, his followers joined one of the other princes, and augmented his fighting force, and the war continued until all the princes had fallen in battle, leaving one prince only. When the victorious prince had finished the fighting, he came and claimed the body of his father, and took it to be buried in a part of the country to which the kings

were taken for interment, and where their temples continued to be kept in good preservation. The tomb, or, as it became, the temple, was a large conical hut built after the pattern of the throne-room, and inside was a large pit dug to receive the body. When the pit was dug, it was lined with cow-skins, and had a bed in the middle made of bark-cloths until a height of two feet was attained; upon this the body was laid. Two favourite wives placed the body in position and reverently covered it with one or two bark-cloths. When these wives had arranged the bed neatly they took their places, one on each side of the body, raised the bark cloth and lay down beside the corpse, covering themselves as though in bed. The grave was then filled with bark-cloths, and the widows were left to die from suffocation or from hunger. No earth was put upon the grave; bark-cloths alone filled the cavity, and a mound of them was formed over the grave. This grave was guarded by widows, who were chosen to come and live there under the supervision of the prime chief.

After the funeral, numbers of cows were killed, and a feast was made for the men who had taken part in the interment. The spirits of the cows were supposed to go to form the herd of the king in the other world, while the men who took part in this ceremony feasted as in the presence of the dead king.

The ceremonial cleansing after the funeral was elaborate, the first part being performed by a princess chosen by the new king. For this ceremony she stood with her eyes closed and her left hand over them; in front of her stood the king with the princes, princesses, and people; behind them were ranged herds of cattle. A man with a bowl of medicated water and a bunch of herbs now came, who handed to the princess the bunch of herbs with which she

sprinkled first the king and people, then the cattle; finally she sprinkled the fluid over the country, turning to the four quarters of the globe. With the last wave of her arm she opened her eyes saying, "I see such a country"; this became her possession to which she went to live and die, because she must not see the king again.

After this ceremony the prime chief persuaded a child prince to sit on the throne as king. He told him the princes and people wished him to reign; when he was seated, the real king and chiefs brought presents of cattle and congratulated him. The prime chief then stepped forward to the real king and asked him for his present; and when the king said



MODERN PROCEDURE INTRODUCED INTO A NATIVE AFRICAN COURT: THE KING OF BUNYORO WITH HIS COUNCIL.—[Photograph by the Rev. John Roscoe.]

he had given his gift to the rightful person on the throne, the prime chief pushed him gently, as in anger, saying "Give me mine also."

The real king then pretended to be angry and went away rapidly, whereupon the prime chief turned to the make-believe king, saying, "Let us flee, he has gone to collect an army." He then took the young prince to the back of the throne-room and strangled him, and the real king came and took his seat on the throne.

From time to time offerings of cattle were made to the departed king, when the reigning king wished to consult him upon political points. There was a priest with a medium in constant attendance upon the king in the temple, holding communication with him.

Once each year there was a special ceremony when the dead king was said to be reincarnated: a man, chosen from a special clan, was brought and, for a week, reigned as king, dispensing his favours to the people who assembled for the ceremony.

At the end of the week this make-believe king was taken to the back of the temple and strangled by the priest.



THE NEW ORDER IN BUNYORO: THE PRESENT KING WITH MEMBERS OF HIS MODERN PARLIAMENT, AND SOLDIERS IN UNIFORM.—[Photograph by the Rev. John Roscoe.]

WHERE KINGS NEVER DIED NATURALLY: ROYAL STATE IN BUNYORO.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE REV. JOHN ROSCOE.



A ROYAL MODE OF TRAVEL IN BUNYORO: A LITTER USED BY FAT PRINCES AND PRINCESSES.



LIKE AN ANCIENT FONT: THE THRONE OF PAST BUNYORO KINGS.



BUNYORO REGALIA AND WEAPONS: ROYAL CROWNS, SWORD, SACRED BOW, AND QUIVERS FULL OF ARROWS.



WEARING THEIR CROWNS, FALSE BEARDS, AND ROBES AS ON OLD-TIME STATE OCCASIONS: A KING AND CHIEFS.



COVERED WITH LION AND LEOPARD SKINS, AND STANDING ON A WHITE COWSKIN: THE THRONE OF BUNYORO.

On the opposite page the Rev. John Roscoe, the well-known explorer, who conducted the Mackie Ethnological Expedition in Central Africa, gives a further instalment of his deeply interesting account of old-time native customs in the Bunyoro district of Uganda, begun in our last issue, in which he described the ceremonies of the New Moon. Here he relates the remarkable procedure that formerly accompanied the death of a king (who usually committed suicide by poison), the inevitable war that ensued between rival princes, and the blood-

thirsty ceremonies connected with the inauguration of the victor as the new king. These old barbaric rites have given way before the spread of Western ideas and Christianity. Regarding the first (top left) illustration above, Mr. Roscoe writes: "The litter in which people are carried is used by the better-class 'pastorals,' who are either too fat to walk, as in the case of some women, or are wealthy enough to employ slaves, as in the case of better-class cow-men. The litter photographed belonged to a prince."

DESTINED TO BE STRANGLED AFTER A WEEK'S "REIGN": A MAKE-BELIEVE KING "REINCARNATING" A DEAD KING.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER, FROM MATERIAL

SUPPLIED BY THE REV. JOHN ROSCOE.



THE SHAM KING DISPENSING LARGESSE OF BEER, MILK, AND PLANTAINS TO HIS GRATEFUL SUBJECTS: AN ANNUAL CEREMONY FORMERLY HELD IN BUNYORO.

Under the old order of things in Bunyoro, now replaced by more enlightened practices, the passing of a king, as the Rev. John Roscoe records in his article on a previous page, meant enforced suicide for the monarch himself, when too old or ill for his post, burial alive for his two favourite wives, and death by strangling for several men chosen to take unenviable parts in the ceremonies inaugurating his successor, who obtained the throne by war with rival princes. But that was not the end of these bloodthirsty proceedings. "From time to time," we read, "offerings of cattle were made to the departed king, when the reigning king wished to consult him upon political points. These was a priest with a medium in constant attendance upon the king in the temple, holding communication with him. Once each year there was held a special ceremony, when the

dead king was said to be reincarnated: a man, chosen from a special clan, was brought and for a week reigned as king, dispensing his favours to the people who assembled for the ceremony. At the end of the week this make-believe king was taken to the back of the temple and strangled by the priest." In the drawing the spurious king is seen making use of his seven days' royalty by exercising all royal privileges without restraint. Here he is sitting on the throne in the royal hut, and in the act of making gifts to some of his faithful subjects assembled round him. His minister watches over the proceedings while the gifts are carried away. They consist of beer, milk, and plantains. As each man receives a gift, the assembly thanks the king by joining hands as in the act of prayer, but lifting them to the left side of the face.—[Copyrighted in the U.S. and Canada.]

Statuary of Many Lands: Types of Six Periods.



AFRICAN CARVING IN IVORY:
A MASK (SIXTEENTH CENTURY), WITH A FRINGE OF
PORTUGUESE HEADS.

By Courtesy of the British Museum.

THE art of statuary, both by sculpture and other methods, such as wood-carving and earthenware, has taken many forms in different climes and ages. On this page, and in the colour reproductions opposite, we show examples from six different sources, ranging from Egyptian and Minoan culture 3000 years ago to African life of comparatively recent date.

One of the most interesting characteristics of ancient Egyptian art is the fact that Egyptian sculptors usually endeavoured, when making a statue of any particular person, to represent the heads and faces of their human subjects as they really were in life. The body, arms, and legs are entirely conventional (though exceptions to this rule, as in the portrait-figures of dwarfs, are known), but the head is really a portrait. We know this, apart from the obvious characterisation of the majority of heads, from the speaking resemblance which the portrait-statues of Kings such as Seti I. or Rameses II. bear to their actual mummies in the Cairo Museum. The famous stone statues of the Pyramid builders, Khafra and Menkaura, and the bronze figure of Pepi I., in the same museum, show this unmistakably as the regular practice as early as 3000-2700 B.C., and many obvious portrait-figures of private persons are known of the same early period.

One of these is the coloured statue, rather larger than life, of the noble Ankheftka, in the British Museum (illustrated opposite), the face of which, perfectly preserved, is evidently a speaking portrait. The figure is in white limestone, with the face and body coloured red, and the wig black, leaving the natural stone for the white waist-cloth. Later in date is the well-known colossal head (here illustrated) of King Amenhotep III., of the XVIIIth Dynasty (about 1400 B.C.), in red quartzite, one of the greatest treasures of the British Museum. The fact that the sculptured representation of the false beard, which the Kings wore as part of their costume, has been broken off, enables us to appreciate more fully than we otherwise could the truth of the portrait. The colossal statue to which this head belonged was set up in one of the temples at Thebes.

This skill in portraiture was never rivalled by the sculptors of other nations till the Greek period. The Assyrians represented their Kings as all exactly alike, without any attempt at individuality. We are, therefore, justified in regarding portraiture as the most striking feature of ancient Egyptian sculpture.

Sculpture of the Minoan period, that brilliant age which was first known as Mycenaean, is extremely rare. But our few examples show that this form of art was boldly practised in prehistoric Greece, and the excavators may at any time reveal new works of unforeseen originality. Yet none is likely to be more astonishing than the Cretan Snake Goddess and her votaries. These figures, one of which is shown opposite, were found by Sir Arthur Evans in the strong-rooms of the Palace of Knossos, with other sacred ornaments in the same glazed earthenware technique. The goddess was worshipped as Lady of the Underworld. The snake, which lives in the earth, was a creature of the dead.

Mausolos, Prince of Caria, was the Oriental dynast whose tomb at

Halicarnassos, one of the Seven Wonders of the ancient world, was known as the Mausoleum. This was built and decorated by famous Greek artists at the order of his wife and sister Artemisia. Its ruins were utilised by the Knights Hospitallers for building their Castle of St. Peter in 1402 and later, and the site was excavated by Sir Charles Newton, of the British Museum, in 1856. From castle and excavations many remains



EGYPTIAN SCULPTURE: AMENHOTEP III. (1400 B.C.)
A COLOSSAL HEAD IN RED QUARTZITE, WITH
BEARD BROKEN OFF, FROM THEBES.

By Courtesy of the British Museum. Photograph by Mansell.

of marble sculpture were recovered. The most important, and happily the best preserved, is the noble statue of Mausolos himself, here illustrated.

Not all, or even most, of the Greek terracotta statuettes associated with Tanagra were really made at that town, but the first, and perhaps the best, were found there, and so the place has given its name to the whole class.



ROMAN SCULPTURE: A MARBLE
STATUE OF THE EMPEROR HADRIAN
(117-138 A.D.) IN GREEK DRESS, DIS-
COVERED AT CYRENE.



GREEK SCULPTURE: MAUSOLOS,
PRINCE OF CARIA (353 B.C.) — A
MARBLE STATUE FOUND IN THE
MAUSOLEUM AT HALICARNASSOS.

They were the commonest, cheapest products of their time, moulded in hundreds by humble artisans for funeral offerings. Yet their charm and freshness still survive in witness to the undying beauty of Greek art. One is illustrated opposite.

The antiquities of Roman Britain are not conspicuous for beauty. The art of Rome was supplied from Greece; there was little elegance to spare for distant provinces, and barbarous Britain was the remotest of all. Yet the statuette (shown on the opposite page), found at Barking Hall, in Suffolk, in 1795, is not only the finest work of art from Britain, but one of the best Roman bronzes that exist. It certainly represents an Emperor of early date, most probably Nero, in his younger days of unfulfilled promise. There is intentional reminiscence of Alexander the Great in his pose and expression. The right hand held a spear, the left a shield. The breast-plate is inlaid with *nigella* and silver.

The excavation of the Greek city of Cyrene, which has been carried out by the Italian Government during their recent occupation of Tripoli, was anticipated in 1861 by two British officers who were stationed at Malta, Major-General Sir Robert Murdoch Smith, then Lieutenant, R.E., and Lieutenant E. A. Porcher, R.N. These militant archaeologists explored much of the site, and secured a priceless series of Greek and Roman sculpture for the nation. The special value of sculpture so obtained, in modern excavation, is that the pernicious hand of the restorer, so active from the Renaissance to the early nineteenth century, has not been permitted to deface it. The British Museum is rich in such unspoilt originals. One of the best preserved is the marble statue (here illustrated) of the Emperor Hadrian in Greek dress, crowned with a wreath of pine.

The art of savage Africa is only just beginning to meet with sympathetic appreciation in this country. A fine and imposing example of African wood-carving is shown opposite. This female figure is the handiwork of one of the Baluba tribes which stretch westward, across the continent from the region of Lake Mweru. Equally fine is the remarkable ivory mask figured above, which comes from Benin, in West Africa, and of which the eyes and tribal marks are inlaid with iron, and the ornamental collar with copper. With regard to the date of the former, nothing can be said, except that local conditions in Africa render it unlikely that objects of wood could survive for several centuries. The ivory mask must date from the sixteenth century, as proved by the ornamental fringe of the head-dress, which is carved to represent the bearded heads of Portuguese.

The early civilisations of America produced many fine works of art, especially in stone, of which one is shown above and the other opposite. Both are carved in reddish volcanic rock and come from the Valley of Mexico. That opposite is the figure of Xochipilli, god of flowers and games, nearly life-size, and seated in the characteristic native fashion. The other represents Chalchiuhlticue, goddess of running water, and in this case the eyes and teeth were originally inlaid with stone of another colour. Both these figures belong to the fifteenth century, and are the work of artists of the Aztec period.



MEXICAN SCULPTURE: A
FIGURE, IN VOLCANIC ROCK,
OF THE AZTEC GODDESS
CHALCHIUHTLICUE.

By Courtesy of the British Museum.

STATUARY OF SIX PERIODS: FROM CRETE TO AFRICA.

PHOTOGRAPHS SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "The Illustrated London News," BY COURTESY



EGYPT (15th CENT. B.C.): A PORTRAIT STATUE OF ANKHEFTKA IN WHITE LIMESTONE, COLOURED RED.



CRETE (EIGHTEENTH CENTURY B.C.): A VOTARY OF THE MINOAN SNAKE-GODDESS (GLAZED EARTHENWARE).



AFRICA: A DANCER FROM THE SHORES OF THE LAKE MWERU REGION—A FEMALE FIGURE.



ROME: A BRONZE STATUETTE, PROBABLY OF NEPO, FOUND AT BARKING HALL, SUFFOLK, IN 1795.



MEXICO (FIFTEENTH CENTURY): AN AZTEC FIGURE OF XOCHIPILLI, IN REDDISH VOLCANIC ROCK.

That colour in statuary was a favourite device of ancient art, both in prehistoric and later times, is shown by these remarkably interesting figures, which the authorities of the British Museum, where they are preserved, have kindly allowed us to reproduce by colour photography. Other examples are illustrated (not in colour) on the opposite page, with a descriptive article. Realistic portraiture was a great feature of ancient Egyptian sculpture as early as 3000 B.C., and the face of the noble, Ankheftka, is evidently a speaking likeness. In Greece of the fourth century B.C., coloured terra-cotta statuettes were very common. Examples

were first discovered at Tanagra, which gave its name to the class. Most interesting for its extreme antiquity (nearly forty centuries!) is the figure of a priestess of the Minoan Snake-Goddess found in Crete. The statuette, believed to be Nero, found at Barking Hall, is one of the best Roman bronzes extant. Aztec sculpture must have been wrought with stone implements, as the ancient Mexicans possessed no hard metals, only gold and copper. The primitive art of Africa has come into vogue, owing to its affinity with modern tendencies. Negro sculpture shown at the Goupil Gallery was illustrated in our issue of February 12.

THE "TITAN OF CHASMS" IN NATURAL-COLOUR PHOTOGRAPHY: AUTOCHROMES OF THE GRAND CANYON OF ARIZONA.

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SHOWING A GLIMPSE OF THE COLORADO RIVER A MILE BELOW THE RIM: THE GRAND CANYON FROM HOPI POINT AT NOON.

MR. HAMLIN GARLAND, the American novelist, writes of the Grand Canyon: "It has a thousand differing moods . . . It is like a mountain range—dreaded to-day, a wall of marble to-morrow. When the light falls into it, harsh, direct, and searching, it is great, but not beautiful. But wait! The clouds and the sunset, the moonrise and the stars—all transform it into a splendour no uncertain range can surpass. Peaks will shift and glow, walls darken, crags take fire, and grey-green masses, dimly seen, take on the gleam of opalescent lakes of mountain water."



"CHEOPS' PYRAMID" AS SEEN FROM THE BRIGHT ANGEL HOTEL: A VIEW AT SUNRISE IN THE GRAND CANYON.

THIS late President Roosevelt said: "The Grand Canyon fills me with awe. It is beyond comparison, absolutely unparalleled throughout the wide world. . . Let this great wonder of Nature remain as it now is. Do nothing to mar its grandeur, sublimity, and magnificence. You cannot improve on it. But whatever you can do to increase it for your children, your children's children, and all who come after you, as the one great sight which every American should see." The Grand Canyon has inspired many pens and flights of eloquence. Mr. Roosevelt's words are especially memorable.



"ISIS" (LEFT), "CHEOPS' PYRAMID" (CENTRE), "THE BATTLE-SHIP," AND PLATEAU (FOREGROUND): AFTERNOON SHADOWS FROM EL TOVAR.



FROM THE HEAD OF BRIGHT ANGEL TRAIL (6866 FT. ABOVE SEA-LEVEL): A VIEW ACROSS THE GRAND CANYON.



THE "TEMPLES" OF BRAHMA AND ZOROASTER (RIGHT): TWO MOUNTAINS OF THE GRAND CANYON, SEEN FROM THE BRIGHT ANGEL TRAIL JUST BELOW THE INDIAN GARDEN OR PLATEAU (HALF-WAY DOWN TO THE RIVER).



THE "TEMPLE OF ZOROASTER" (LEFT DISTANCE): ANOTHER VIEW FROM THE HOTEL EL TOVAR.

These remarkable autochromes, or natural-colour photographs, of the greatest physical wonder of the United States, perhaps of the whole world, were taken by an American lady, Miss Helen Messinger Murdoch, of Boston, who has made the art peculiarly her own. During a two years' tour in Europe, Asia, and America, she took hundreds of autochrome photographs of the famous places of the earth, from Tintagel Castle to the Taj Mahal, and from the Great Wall of China to the Temples of Luxor. But of all the wonder-places that she visited, the Grand Canyon of Arizona is unsurpassed in grandeur, in beauty, and in sheer immensity. "From the rim of the Grand Canyon," she writes, "one looks down into a stupendous gorge 7000 feet deep, 10 to 20 miles wide, and 272 miles long, cut in the heart of the desert. As seen from the point where the Hotel El Tovar stands, the Canyon seems filled with mountains, rising in terraces and

peaks, range after range on either side of the Colorado River, running at fifteen miles an hour seven miles (by track) below, and only visible from a few points on the Rim. Hidden away in the many smaller canyons, down in the depths, are level spots where peach trees blossom, while the snow is still deep in the upper regions. Such brilliant hues!—red and yellow limestone, granite, marble, lava, every kind of rock and every shade of colour, blended by the blue and purple of the great distance, constantly changing as the shadows shift with the sun. Nothing green but a few trees on the upper slopes: only a little dusty-looking sage-brush and cactus, and no birds to break the wonderful silence." The Grand Canyon was discovered by Spanish explorers in 1540, and again, in 1869, by Major J. W. Powell, who made an adventurous journey along it by boat on the Colorado River, braving unknown rapids and falls.



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THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.



By J. T. GREIN.

THE other day, when it was my privilege to address the Gallery First Nighters—that club of men and women of the workaday world who devote the best part of their leisure to the theatre, waiting in queues in all weathers, seeing every play worth seeing (and often otherwise), hallowing their Sundays by serious and harmonious discussion of their histrionic harvest—the debate turned on the women of our stage. And the inevitable question arose: “Have we great actresses?” We need not discuss the actors; we have them right enough. After much weighing pro and con, we arrived at a kind of consensus. “Yes, we have great actresses; but oh, so few!” Don’t blame me for the verdict—I was only one among the multitude; I was the auctioneer of the occasion, and time after time I asked for “any more?” But the bidding was lukewarm, and when the hammer fell we had five names wreathed in the aureole of “Greatness”; and let us candidly admit that, on the heinous principle of “out of sight,” we forgot the sixth—Marie Tempest. I could have whipped myself for not having remembered her, this Kitty and Becky of indelible memory, until the sobering east wind without recalled “things which I left unsaid”—as is the penalty of discussion on the spur of the moment without notes or preparation. However, there were five, headed by Ellen Terry, supreme and *hors de concours*, as they say at the Salon in Paris; the undisputed Queen who bears her crown of seventy-three in evergreen laureate. In vain I pleaded for introspection, for addition to the number. I furrowed and burrowed my mental file of criticism of one year and several: there was no response—the plebiscite stopped at the quintette. It gave me much to think over. I was weighing in my mind this one and that one: it is one of my ideals to see the right person in the right place; but I had to silence my would-be preferments. “Greatness,” despite Press-agent, advertisement, boom, and first-night delusions, is an ominous word: to use it lightly is to degrade art to patent medicine or face-powder. “Greatness,” thrown in the diamond scales, is a thing that awakens, arouses, enraptures a people; it flits through the land like a winged sentence; it scintillates, it vibrates, it lives beyond the whims and tastes and moods of men. It carves names indelibly on the milestones of time. A great actor is discussed by coming generations in the same vein as a great general, a statesman, a builder of empires—the unheard echo of his fame sounds forth by tradition....

A few days after this inspiring evening (for these knights of labour surpass in parlance and in thought most of the polished fatuities pronounced in pompous form in Society quarters) I left for France, and I made up my mind to see as much of the theatre as a well-earned holiday would allow—secretly to fathom why we are so much stronger on the male side than on the fairer one; incidentally, to find out whether it was true, which was printed some time ago in a London paper, that French acting had deteriorated since the war.

The latter part of the question may be at

once dismissed. Whether you see plays in Paris—and oh! the joy of Guitry in “Le Comédien,” by Guitry’s boy, the heaven-blessed Sacha! (see it, Arthur Bourchier, secure it at once); the choice can only rest between you and Hawtrey!—or in the provinces, the *ensemble* is usually as round as a circle. Of course there are old ‘bus horses, trotting in well-worn lines, *vieux chameaux du métier* who talk to the audience and at the audience—have we not got them too? Of course there are *croûtes*—lovely word of theatrical *argot* for the inept, either pretty or partly bald, with no brains under their pates—have we not got them too? Of course there are a few actresses propelled by other considerations

and the Blue Book. But generally—I italicise that word—the French actress comes into her own: because she has been trained; because she knows her business; because she has graduated like a soldier; because she has been moulded by a producer; because she is young and not afraid to look old—on the stage; because she has no time or inclination for deification at “five-o’clocks”; because she reads books and knows something of the dramatic literature of the world; because she is an artist first and a lady after; because she rarely marries into the Peerage to continue mediocre acting; because she is merely somebody on the stage and, unless she be a genius, nothing in Society; because she is criticised—often severely—and not “shampooed” by well-meaning and often purblind admirers who prefer her smiling nod to her cold shoulder; because, at well-ordered theatres, especially in the provinces of France, she is engaged for a long season, instead of working in fear and trembling lest a poor run should cast her on the waters; because—most potent “because” of all—she is endowed by Mother Nature with a temperament: not to fence with the word, but to explain it—because she has striven, struggled, lived, lingered, suffered; because there burns in her the godly flame of warm blood and vocation. Because, in fine, to her the theatre is not merely an altar for the worship of “I am I,” but the holiest of holies wherein to be canonised you must have the spirit of the Carmelite—ay, perhaps the soul of the pagan!—to reach the kingdom of the artistic heaven.

Here, my readers, lies the difference between the French actress and ours. Her ideal is to aspire to the lofty heights of a Rachel, a Declée, a Sarah, a Duse. To reach them she will defy Calvary and Purgatory, sacrifice body, soul, and salvation. On our cooler strand the supreme price is ephemeral immortality in picture papers, “among those present” at functions, the blessing of Lady X. and Marchioness Y. and Countess Z., a marriage beyond one’s social station, applause when entering the stalls on a first night while resting from work, and generally such adulation as is not good for any young woman.

We cannot all have temperament—it is an endowment, like birth in a palace or in a mansion—but we can cultivate that which is in us beyond the drawing-room ballad and the pretty frock. Acting, after all, is a question of losing one’s personality in another incarnation—a question of, once more to quote a poignant French saying, “*S’y mettre ou se démettre.*” When that portentous message is



A DEPUTY LOVER: MR. DENNIS EADIE AS DENNIS LESTRANGE, AND MISS HILDA MOORE AS MILLICENT HANNAY, IN “A SOCIAL CONVENIENCE,” AT THE ROYALTY.



FEIGNED LOVE TURNED TRUE: MISS EDNA BEST AS POLLY SHANNON, AND MR. DONALD CALTHROP AS REX VAN ZILE, IN “POLLY WITH A PAST,” AT THE ST. JAMES’S.

WOOGING ONE WOMAN TO HELP ANOTHER: MR. ARTHUR WONTNER AS SIR BRIAN DOBREE, AND MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER AS MRS. AVENELL, IN “THE FULFILLING OF THE LAW.”

The three plays here illustrated all contain characters who feign love from various motives. Dennis Lestrade, in “A Social Convenience,” deputises in compromising a married woman for her M.P. lover, who does not want to be involved in a divorce case. Polly Shannon, in “Polly with a Past,” masquerades as a “coco” to help a shy man by arousing another girl’s jealousy. The result is a transfer of affections. Sir Brian Dobree, in “The Fulfilling of the Law” (at the Garrick), woos Mrs. Avenell to enable a girl whom he really loves, but who loves Mr. Avenell, to marry the latter after divorce. Miss Constance Collier makes Mrs. Avenell the dominant figure, and her beautiful dresses (by Reville) add to the charm of her performance.—[Photographs by Stage Photo Co. and Reville Studios.]

than talent: that a certain number of them exist in the theatrical world of France it would be impossible to deny. But it would be equally untrue to say that they are representative. Of course, we have not got any actresses of that type in this country!

In our blessed land merit is the only passport, and sometimes the advertising manager

understood by our aspirants to a place in the sun, there is the luminous prospect that on our stage, as elsewhere in the community of life, our women will be the equal of men. But the road lies in the narrow, dark alley of the stage-door, whither grope the modest workers, not under the glittering chandeliers of Mayfair and the land of Jazz where the snapshot thrives and the paragraph.

THE HAUNTS OF LIFE:

III.—“THE GREAT DEPTHS.”

By PROFESSOR J. ARTHUR THOMSON, Professor of Natural History at Aberdeen University.

ALTHOUGH Sir John Ross fished up a Brittle-star (Figs. 3 (left) and 10) from very deep water more than a hundred years ago (1818), little was known of the animal life of the great depths of the ocean till the *Challenger* Expedition of 1873-76. This, like Darwin's voyage of the *Beagle*, was a Columbus voyage, for it revealed a new world—the world of the Deep Sea. It is one of the largest haunts of life, occupying more than a third of the earth's surface; and it is one of the strangest. No one has ever seen it; probably no one will ever see it; for by the deep sea we mean the floor of the great abysses and the layers of dark water near that floor. We can throw a stone into it from the deck of a steamer, but it is a bourn from which no traveller can return.

The world of the deep sea is very deep, for the average depth of the ocean is $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles; and, as vast areas are comparatively shallow, there must be other parts extraordinarily deep. Just as the earth's crust is buckled up into mountains, so it is dimpled down into depressions. The very deep holes are called “deeps”; and the so-called *Challenger* “deep” is nearly six miles deep—namely, 5269 fathoms. If one could



FIG. 10.—ONE OF THE FIRST DEEP-SEA CREATURES KNOWN: A BRITTLE-STAR, SUCH AS SIR JOHN ROSS FISHED UP IN 1818.

throw Mount Everest into this “deep,” the mountain would be swallowed up, with 2600 feet to spare. Some of the “deeps” are actually over six miles. In deep water there is great pressure— $2\frac{1}{2}$ tons on every square inch at 2500 fathoms—an unendurable pressure, if it were felt. A ship's hawser is squeezed into a rope; a weighted piece of wood is so much compressed that it will no longer float when brought to the surface again; but the deep-water animals do not feel this pressure, their bodies are so permeable.

The deep sea is a very cold haunt, for the sun's heat is practically lost at about 150 fathoms; and there is a continual sinking-down of cold water, rich in oxygen, from the Poles. Throughout the year there is little variation in the temperature, which remains near the freezing-point of fresh water. Eternal winter reigns. Besides the cold of this unfriendly haunt, there is the darkness. Very sensitive bromo-gelatine plates, automatically exposed and closed again at 500 fathoms, show that some rays of light reach that depth; but there is very little light beyond 250 fathoms. The deep sea is a world of dreadful night; the utter darkness (Fig. 7) almost intensified, one would think, by the fitful gleams of phosphorescent light. Perhaps it is like a moor on a dark night with a few stars overhead.

The deep sea is a place of calm, for the severest storms are comparatively shallow in their grip. There are no swift currents, but at most a gentle flow over the beds of ooze. There is no scenery, but a monotony of sweeping undulations like those of sand-dunes. Only here and there are

there ridges like water-sheds or volcanic cones rising to the surface, perhaps to form the foundation of coral islands. What an eerie picture of a deep, dark, cold, calm, silent, monotonous world!

What of the life of the great deeps? The biggest fact is that there is no “deep” too deep for life. There are most animals at moderate depths; there are more animals on the lime-ooze than on the “red-clay” mud-ooze; and we do not know much about the thinly peopled miles of water between the limit of the light and the floor itself. But the big fact is that wherever the long arm of the dredge (Fig. 1) has reached down, it has brought up living creatures. There is no depth-limit to the distribution of life. Of course, there are no plants in the great depths, except the resting-stages of a few algae that have sunk down from the surface. We say “of course,” because all ordinary plants, green with chlorophyll, require light if they are to live. There do not seem to be even bacteria—those microscopic minions of decay—in the abysses; and that means that there can be no rotting. If a dead whale sinks to the floor of the deep sea it is nibbled to fragments, and all of it is devoured or dissolved, save the cowrie-like ear-bones, which are almost as hard as stone. The floor of the deep sea is a sort of universal clearing-house. If there are no plants, it seems at first sight as if all the animals must be eating one another, which is absurd, as Euclid used to say. The deep-sea fish eats the deep-sea snail, and the snail the worm, and the worm—something else; but that cannot be the whole story. There must be a food-supply from without, and that is furnished by the ceaseless rain of minute creatures, killed or dying at the surface, which sink through the miles of water like snowflakes on a quiet winter day (Fig. 9). The microscopic atomies in their never-ending shower count for much more than the carcasses of whales.

The deep-sea animals are of many kinds—very representative. In his last voyage, the late Sir John Murray dredged with an otter trawl with a 50-feet beam at a depth of 2820 fathoms, which is over three miles; and, just as on the *Challenger* Expedition, he brought up an astonishing variety of animals—fishes, molluscs, crustaceans, sea-spiders (Figs. 3 and 6), sea-urchins, star-fishes, corals, and endless minutiae. There is reason to believe that the deep sea has been colonised by shore animals which in the course of ages have gradually followed the drifting food-particles down the long slope. If a shore animal of to-day were suddenly transferred to the deep sea, it would doubtless die at once; but, with ages for the journey, the transition is possible.

This raises the interesting question of the special fitnesses that deep-sea animals show in relation to the strange conditions of their life. Many of the fixed ones, like the sea-lilies, have very long stalks (Fig. 4), plainly of use in raising the important part of the body out of the treacherous, smothering ooze. Some of them, like the lanky crabs, and the still more lanky sea-spiders (Figs. 3 and 6), have their legs extraordinarily elongated—well suited for walking delicately on the soft surface of the floor. Another fitness may be found in the porous, permeable architecture which enables the animals to be indifferent to the great pressure. If a closed glass vessel is weighted and

lowered into deep water, it is soon shivered into dust because the pressure inside cannot be adjusted in any way to the pressure outside. But an open glass vessel is unaffected, since the water gets inside as well as outside. It is the same with a delicate deep-sea sponge, like Venus's Flower Basket (Fig. 4, centre)—the water permeates the whole. Even when it cannot be said that the sea water as such penetrates the whole of the deep-sea animal's body, there is an adjustment of the fluids and gases in the body. The very bones of deep-sea fishes are sometimes so spongy that we can run a needle through them without break-

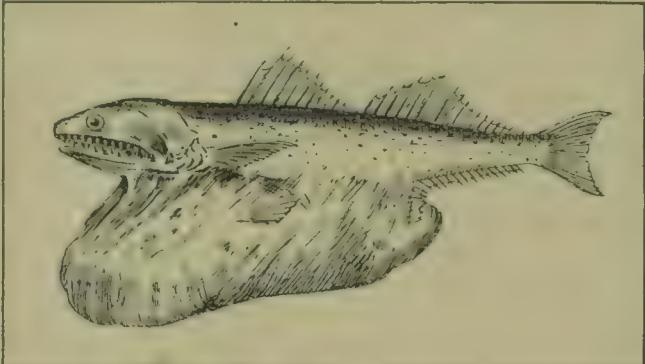


FIG. 11.—A DEEP-SEA FISH THAT SWALLOWS OTHERS BIGGER THAN ITSELF—AND DIES! THE CHIASMODON NIGRUM.

This fish is extremely voracious, and will attack and swallow a fish larger than itself, when its body becomes highly distended and death follows.

ing the point. Yet another fitness may be found in the exquisite sense of touch which many deep-sea animals show; a prawn (Fig. 2) may have a feeler, and a fish a barbule (Fig. 8), very much longer than its body. For a world of darkness what could be better than a highly developed sense of touch? Another adaptation is the huge gape (Fig. 3) of some of the fishes.

There is prospect of another *Challenger* Expedition, and we strongly wish that the hope may be fulfilled. There are many unsolved problems in regard to the deep sea; many questions that the splendid results of the 1873-76 Expedition have made us ask. We should like to know how the everyday life of deep-sea animals goes on in the strange conditions—of persistent cold, for instance; we should like to know about the development of the young in these great depths; we should like to know more precisely where the deep-sea animals came from. There is the puzzle of some fishes with very small, almost useless, eyes, and other fishes with very big eyes (Fig. 5c). Are the first dwindling organs that are useless in a dark haunt? are the others taking advantage of the gleams of “phosphorescent” light? And what is the significance of the phosphorescence, or, better, luminescence (Figs. 3 and 8) (since it has nothing to do with phosphorus), of so many deep-sea animals, both of sedentary and free-swimming habit? Is it a guide in some cases, a warning in other cases? is it a lure, or a means of recognition? or is it just a kind of by-play of the body? And what are we to make of the occasional occurrence of bright colours (Fig. 5c) in the animals of the deep sea? Have they any utility at all? or are they simply like the colours of withered leaves, with no use, save beauty? Puzzles there are in plenty; but more important is the big fact that the deep sea, like every other haunt of life, is crowded with beauty, order, and fitness.

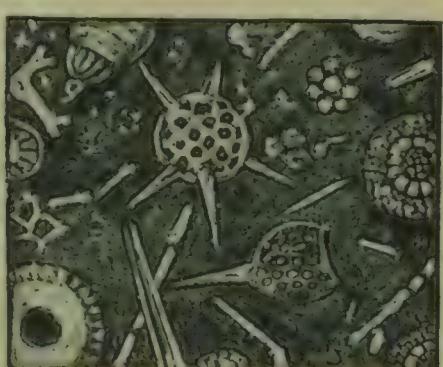


FIG. 9.—THE DEEP-SEA FISHES' LARDER: MINUTE CREATURES, KILLED AT THE SURFACE, SUNK INTO THE OOZE OF THE OCEAN FLOOR.

From left to right the three sections show: (a) Pure chalk ooze made of the sunk shells of pinhead-like animals killed on the surface; (b) Mixed ooze consisting of a variety of fragments and shells; (c) Pure Radiolarian ooze—the flinty shells of small creatures killed on the surface.

HAUNTS OF LIFE: THE DEEP SEA—A WORLD OF DREADFUL NIGHT.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. B. ROBINSON, FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY PROFESSOR J. ARTHUR THOMSON, IN ILLUSTRATION OF HIS LECTURES.



III.—THE GREAT DEPTHS: CREATURES DESCRIBED IN PROFESSOR J. ARTHUR THOMSON'S THIRD LECTURE AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

These drawings illustrate the third of Professor Thomson's six lectures on "The Haunts of Life," delivered at the Royal Institution. As in the first two—"The School of the Shore" and "The Open Sea" (given in our issues of Feb. 26 and March 5 respectively)—his own abridgment of his lecture appears on the opposite page. The others will follow in later numbers. "The Deep Sea," he says, "is a very cold haunt. . . . Eternal winter reigns": it is also "a world of dreadful night. . . . but the big fact is that, wherever the long arm of the

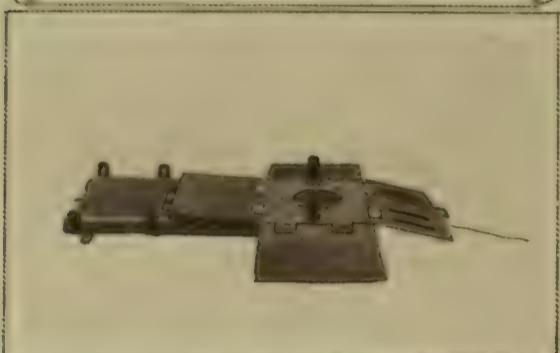
dredge has reached down, it has brought up living creatures." They are rendered immune from the enormous pressure of water at the lower depths, by the permeability of their bodies. Their food consists largely of "the ceaseless rain of minute creatures, killed or dying at the surface, which sink through the miles of water" to the ocean floor. The fish in Fig. 8 is described by Prof. Thomson in his book, "The Wonder of Life," as a *Lamprotoxus*, "with a filamentous barbule many times longer than the body."—[Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

PIGEON-SHOOTING AT MONTE CARLO: A MUCH-DISCUSSED PASTIME.

DRAWINGS BY MR. HENRY STANNARD, FROM THE "ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SPORT," BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. WILLIAM HEINEMANN. PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL.



"SHAPED LIKE A BOX . . . THE FRONT HAVING OPENINGS LIKE A CAGE": A PIGEON-TRAP CLOSED.



OPERATED BY PULLING A LEVER BEHIND THE GUN: A PIGEON-TRAP OPENED.



PREPARING FOR A PIGEON-SHOOT AT MONTE CARLO: AN ATTENDANT PLACING A BIRD IN A TRAP.



SHOWING THE ARC OF FIVE TRAPS, WITH THE SECOND (FROM LEFT) OPENED AND A PIGEON IN FLIGHT: SHOOTING AT MONTE CARLO.



SHOWING (FOREGROUND) THE TRAP-CONTROL CABIN: PIGEON-SHOOTING AT MONTE CARLO; WITH TRAP OPEN AND BIRD IN FLIGHT.



WHEN A RELEASED PIGEON FAILS TO RISE: AN ATTENDANT AT MONTE CARLO ROLLING A BALL AT THE BIRD TO MAKE IT FLY.



PIGEON-SHOOTING AT MONTE CARLO: A DOG RETRIEVING A BIRD WHICH HAS BEEN SHOT AND HAS FALLEN WITHIN THE BOUNDARY.

Sir Frederick Treves' book, "The Riviera of the Corniche Road," describes pigeon-shooting as "a large, crimson blot" on Monte Carlo. Much discussion has followed. The above illustrations show how the pastime is practised. Five traps are placed at intervals of five yards, forming the arc of a circle, of which the gun is the centre, at a distance varying from 22 to 37 yards, according to the shooter's handicap. A bird is placed in each trap, which is connected by wire with an iron case behind the gun. At a given word a man pulls a lever, which opens one of the five traps, but nobody knows which it will be. The bird must drop and be

retrieved within a prescribed boundary, or else it does not count. At Monte Carlo the shooting-ground is at the end of the promontory. Mr. Henry Stannard, in the "Encyclopaedia of Sport," says: "The trap in which the pigeon is concealed is shaped like a box, three of the sides being made of sheet-iron, and the front having openings like a cage, so that the bird is enabled to enjoy a full view of the country before it, but none of the gun behind. Thus, directly the trap is pulled and falls flat to the ground, the liberated bird is instantly off in any direction."



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LADIES' NEWS.

LENT has brightened up considerably, from the social point of view, since the King and Queen, the Princes and the Princess, came to town. One thing that has intrigued us women is the dress shows. They are really interesting, not only from the point of view of desiring to know what is to be worn—all self-respecting women must know that—but as a contrast to how we used to get our fashion knowledge. One sits in rows on delightful couches, or on "comfy" chairs, and, for as long as one likes, mannequins parade up and down the space allotted to them, attired in the newest models. Such mannequins they are, too! chosen for their powers of making clothes look their best, and skilled in showing them off. I have seen wistful looks and heard pathetic remarks from onlookers as to the impossibility of getting clothes to look like that on them. Yet orders subsequently given prove that they will not despair, but fulfil the sex's mission and make the best of themselves. That best is, happily, mostly very good.

After two big shows, an hour spent at each, I had to exercise mental digestion, and have arrived at the conclusion that we are very lucky. The modes are charming, not extreme, dainty and very becoming. There are sequins for day-time dresses, which is not entirely an innovation. The manner of applying them, in long lines, in designs such as clusters of grapes, or berries with leaves, in squares, in lattice—always with a purpose, not the careless scattering or close sewing which did obtain—is all to the good. Jet is more in favour than ever, and the grace of falling ropes of jet, beads, or chenille, is made the very most of in imparting an appearance of slimness and length to the figure. Their usefulness in this way, when skilfully employed, is almost beyond belief.

The King and Queen's Afternoon Party at Buckingham Palace was, I hear, a very pleasant affair. Several state rooms, including the old Throne-room, were used. A number of ladies present were glad to put aside their furs, the rooms were so warm and bright. Their Majesties, and members of their family, chatted informally with many guests, and one of the Guards' regimental string bands played. Quite a number of people were present who had not before been in the Palace, and much appreciated the party. It was on similar lines to the royal afternoon parties of this time last

year, and was designed to bring into touch with the King and Queen, and with each other, several sections of the great whole that we call London Society.

Viscountess Astor gave a big evening party, following dinner: both were in honour of the retiring American Ambassador and Mrs. Davis, who



THE VOGUE OF TAFFETAS.

Black taffetas is shown to its greatest advantage when made in a rather full style. There is a touch of elegant quaintness about it which cannot be surpassed.—[Photograph by Crown Inc.]

sailed for the United States on the 9th. They have been most popular and most successful here, being singularly simple, natural, and kindly, in addition to the Ambassador's diplomatic skill and wonderful knowledge of men and matters. No. 4, St. James Square is a fine house for entertaining on a large

scale, and the ball-room was open for dancing for the first time since the war. Viscount Astor was, unhappily, indisposed, and unable to be present. The occasion was, in addition to the honouring of the departing Ambassador, also the welcoming of Miss Alice Perley, a niece of Lady Astor's, into Society. This young lady will be presented at the second Court of the season. Lady Astor, with a smart dark headdress, wore a tiara of diamonds, of which the famous "Sancy" diamond forms the centre. Also, she wore neck and corsage ornaments of fine diamonds. The Ambassador took her in to dinner and sat at her right. The Earl and Countess of Reading, Earl and Countess Beatty, Viscount and Viscountess Burnham, and Field-Marshal Sir Henry and Lady Wilson were of the dinner-party, as was also Sir James Barrie. The whole house was gay with flowers, chiefly those that bloom in the spring, sent from Cliveden. There were quantities of diplomatic people present, masses of M.P.s and their womenkind, for Lady Astor considered neither Coalition, Wee Frees, Labour, and other political labels, but asked them all as men and brothers. The party proved a great success, and the Ambassador might have altered Shakespeare and said: Parting is such pleasant sorrow, that I could say good-bye again to-morrow!

There was a tea-party last week at the Officers' Families Industries London Depôt, 21, Beauchamp Place. It is quite surprising what charming things these officers' wives, widows, and daughters make. Lady Patricia Ramsay sent over a few very "nobby" jaunty jumpers to be copied. There are golf-coats, made for women who golf, and who know precisely what is wanted for the game, and what looks best on links. There are wraps to be easily donned for a walk in the garden. The Marchioness of Lansdowne acquired one of these at the tea-party, and so did the Countess of Dartmouth and Lady Emmott. Viscountess Lewisham had some wonderfully made lingerie, and some golf-coats and jumpers. The children's clothes are beautifully made, and the officers' womenkind do so badly need the help the sale of their work affords them.—A. E. L.

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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

A PLEA FOR THE KINGFISHER.

THERE is a widespread belief among us that birds of brilliant plumage are the product of the Tropics. This is, however, by no means true, for even among those of our own islands there are species which can hold their own in any company; and foremost among these stands the kingfisher. But beauty among the birds has ever been a fatal possession. Of all our native species, none has been so persecuted as this "Sea-blue bird of March." In thousands they have been shot in order that their mangled bodies might decorate women's hats, or make a brave show among the household gods enshrined in a glass case. But it is not for these ends alone that the kingfisher has been so ruthlessly slain. The owners of trout-streams have always borne it malice, convinced that it was a poacher of no mean order, levying a far heavier toll upon the eggs and fry of their coveted fish than the stream could support. Hence they show it no mercy.

But the kingfisher has at last found a champion who speaks with authority. Dr. W. E. Collinge, some little time ago, set himself the task of carefully scrutinising the alleged crimes of this outlaw among fishermen; and his results show, as might have been expected, that the slayers have been persistently slaying their best friend. So that, in striving to increase their stock of fish, they have all the time been defeating their own ends, inasmuch as every kingfisher on a trout-stream has been shot at sight as a reputed enemy, while the real culprits have not only got off scot-free, but have been enabled to increase a thousandfold!

For Dr. Collinge's investigations make it certain that the benefits the kingfisher confers are twice as great as the injuries it inflicts: because he is able to show, beyond a peradventure, that trout larva form no more than 7·28 per cent. of its food, while 15·66 per cent. of its diet is made up of insects which are injurious to the fishermen, since they either prey upon trout fry or their eggs. "Neutral fishes," such as minnows and sticklebacks, furnish 53·39 per cent. of its food; while the remainder is furnished by tadpoles, molluscs, crustacea, neutral insects, and worms.

This analysis of the kingfisher's bill-of-fare has been made from an examination of stomach contents,

and of the pellets formed of the hard, indigestible portions of the creatures swallowed, which are ejected from the mouth after the fashion of rooks, hawks, and owls, for example. But, besides, much valuable material has been gained by an examination of the remarkable nest of this bird. In one sense it builds no nest, but deposits its eggs upon a flattened-out mass of pellets formed of fish-bones and the hard parts of insects. Such nests, though of considerable thickness, have little adhesiveness, and readily fall to

Now that at long last we know precisely where we stand in regard to the kingfisher as an enemy of trout-streams, we can join with Dr. Collinge in trusting that a very strict and rigorous protection will be afforded this bird in the future. A clause in any new Act of Parliament affecting wild birds should, he suggests, make it an offence to stuff or set up specimens of the kingfisher, excepting under a permit, since this would certainly reduce the present senseless slaughter of this wondrously beautiful and interesting bird. To

me there is a strange fascination in watching a kingfisher feeding. Motionless he sits on some perch over the water watching for prey. Suddenly he will rise, hover in mid-air, then dart down, and with a plunge for an instant disappear, emerging with a fish held crosswise in his bill. A moment later he is back on his perch, against which he beats the head of his victim two or three times to stun it, then with a dexterous twist turns it head-first along his beak and swallows it. How this bird, with such small and feeble feet, contrives to drive tunnels a yard or so in length through a bank of solid earth is a mystery. His only rivals in this regard are the sand-martin and the bee-eater.

Our kingfisher has apparently attained his maximum in the matter of splendour of plumage, for this is not only exquisitely beautiful and wondrously iridescent, but the same livery is worn also by his mate and their offspring, from the very first appearance of the feathers. In many species, however, in other parts of the world, the female and young are soberly clad; while in others even the males are in like case. But the interesting story of the coloration and ornamentation of the kingfisher must await another occasion. Suffice it to say that it furnishes some striking facts in regard to the evolution of resplendent plumage. W. P. PYCRAFT.



AT THE EXHIBITION OF GIFTS TO THE PRINCE OF WALES DURING HIS EMPIRE TOURS: (L. TO R.) PRINCESS MARY, THE PRINCE, THE QUEEN, AND ADMIRAL HALSEY INSPECTING A MODEL OF THE "RENNOWN."

The Queen, Princess Mary, and the Prince of Wales recently visited the Exhibition of presents made to him during his two great Empire tours, opened at the Imperial Institute on March 2, and to remain open till the end of the month. There are over 500 gifts and addresses from Australia, New Zealand, Canada, the West Indies, Samoa, Hawaii, Fiji, and Bermuda. A large model (nearly 20 ft. long) of H.M.S. "Renown," the battle-ship which carried the Prince, has been lent by the Admiralty. The proceeds of the Exhibition are to go to the Boy Scouts Association.—(Photograph by C.N.)

pieces if an attempt is made to remove them from the burrow at the end of which the brood-chamber is formed. Hence there has grown up a myth that the nest of the kingfisher is worth a considerable sum. As a consequence, the authorities at the British Museum of Natural History are frequently offered specimens which have been successfully removed for sums ranging as high as £50!

Elections and rumours of elections render particularly useful at the present time such a work of reference as "Debrett's House of Commons and Judicial Bench" (Dean and Son), the 1921 edition of which is now available. Besides biographical records of M.P.'s, Judges, and other Officials, it gives polling statistics and much other information, forming a complete Parliamentary Guide, indispensable to all concerned with politics. The preface by the editor, Mr. Arthur Hesilridge, touches briefly on recent changes and innovations.

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THE PLAYHOUSES.

THE NEW MAUGHAM COMEDY AT THE HAYMARKET: "THE CIRCLE."

THERE is so much brilliancy and honesty of workmanship in Mr. Maugham's new comedy, it carries through so artistically to its daring but natural ending its theme of love defiant of convention, that the faults inherent in its over-neat and artificial plot can well be overlooked. Two of its postulates we should, no doubt, reject in cold blood. Would a young wife insist on her husband's entertaining his runaway mother and the Peer with whom she had lived abroad for thirty years in social disgrace? Would her father-in-law, turning up unexpectedly, make a point of meeting these elderly lovers and haunting them maliciously during their stay? To both questions we incline to answer "No." On the other hand, the presence of two such rebels against matrimony and their victim also makes an immensely piquant object-lesson in view of the tale the playwright has to tell. For history is repeating itself in Arnold Champion-Cheney's country house. Innocently enough, his young wife, Elizabeth, and a visitor, Edward Luton, have drifted into love—very modern, tongue-tied love—and, having discovered their natural feelings, they face the situation. There is before them a horrible example in the bêrouged Lady Kitty and her disreputable Lord Porteous; both give signs of loss of caste. Then, too, Arnold proves amazingly though insincerely quixotic. The old pair are delightfully played at the Haymarket by Miss Lottie Venne and Mr. Allan Aynesworth, expert comedians; while Mr. Holman Clark, as their victim, gives off with his imitable ease verbal fireworks galore. As the prim husband, Mr. Ernest Thesiger is so earnest and impassioned in one passage as almost to disturb the play's note of comedy. Mr. Leon Quartermaine and Miss Fay Compton portray for us modern youth with an almost disturbing fidelity, so matter-of-fact are they in their love-making, so reticent even in their moments of intensity. But theirs is a true picture, as Mr. Maugham's is a true comedy.

"POLLY WITH A PAST." AT THE ST. JAMES'S. It would be absurd indeed to expect a girl of Miss Edna Best's short stage-experience to provide the maturity either of physique or of talent required to render wholly plausible the masquerade as a "vampire" of "Polly with a Past." Polly, a Baptist minister's daughter who acts as two bachelors' parlour-maid to secure funds for a musical training in Paris, is called in by her employers to help a friend of theirs in his love-affair with a girl only interested in redeeming the vicious. To tempt this philanthropist, Polly

is to be engaged to the youngster and is saddled with a naughty past. All this is sheer fantasy of the most far-fetched type, and it is eked out by familiar tricks of farce and sentiment of the sugary American type. But the very ingenuousness and high spirits of the authors disarm criticism, and their fable works up pace when once it has recovered from a slow opening. The piece passes the time quite pleasantly, and there is Miss Best herself to watch in the capacity of "star." Her performance was not so wonderful as to justify the ungoverned enthusiasm of her first-night admirers, but it is pleasing within its limits, and she is supported by a strong company, two members of which, Mr. Donald Calthrop and Miss Edith Evans, specially distinguish themselves.

CHESS.

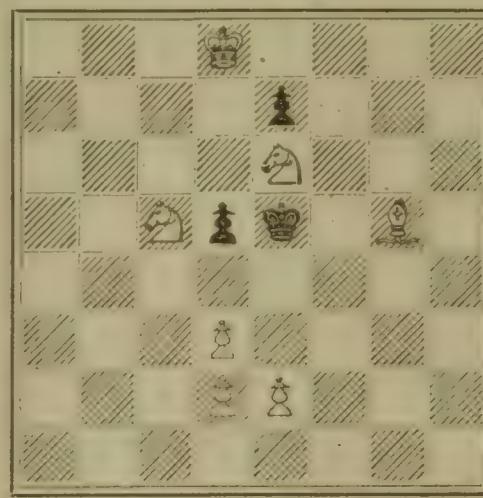
To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.

E G B BARLOW (Bournemouth).—If you will look again at Problem No. 3853 you will find it perfectly sound.

H G B.—You have overlooked the correct move.

H F L MEYER.—We acknowledge the receipt of two original problems, which we hope will prove correct.

PROBLEM No. 3855.—By KESHAB D. DE.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 3853.—By R. J. DENSMORE.

WHITE	BLACK
1. R to Q 8th	Kt takes R P
2. Q to R 5th (ch)	K takes Q
3. P to Kt 4th, mate.	

If Black play: 1. Kt takes B P; 2. Q to B 5th (ch), etc. If 1. K to B 5th; 2. Q to R 5th (ch), etc.; and if K takes P, then 2. Q to R 6th (ch), etc.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 3850 received from P N Banerji (Benares); of No. 3851 from P J Mistri (Bombay); J A Blackmer, (Colorado Springs); P N Banerji, and Henry A. Seller (Denver); of No. 3852 from J B Camara (Madeira); P N Banerji (Benares); Henry A. Seller, and R F Morris (Sherbrooke, Canada); of No. 3853 from E G B Barlow (Bournemouth); Albert Taylor (Aldercliff); Francisco Alabert (Barcelona); Jas. C Gemmell (Campbeltown); and J C Stackhouse (Torquay).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS NO. 3854 received from A H H (Bath), F S Grant (Lewes), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Seaford); Mildred Houseman (Alnmouth), W C D Smith (Northampton); W Kennion (Wellington College); Albert Taylor (Aldercliff); J S Forbes (Brighton), and W J Adams (Stratford-on-Avon).

CHESS IN ENGLAND.

Game played in a Club Match at Brighton between the late Mr. BOWLEY and Mr. GROVER.

—(Caro-Kann Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. G.)	WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. G.)
1. P to K 4th	P to Q B 3rd	28. Kt to K 2nd	Q to Kt 3rd
2. P to Q 4th	P to K 3rd	19. B to R 3rd	Q takes B P

An innovation with nothing in it that commends itself. It turns the opening into an inferior form of the French Defence.

3. Kt to Q B 3rd	P to Q 4th	22. P takes B	P takes B
4. P to B 4th	B to Kt 5th	23. R takes R	Q takes R
5. P to K 5th	Kt to K 2nd	24. Kt takes P (ch)	Q to B 3rd
6. P to Q R 3rd	B to R 4th	25. Kt takes P (ch)	K to B 2nd
7. P to Q Kt 4th	B to B 2nd	26. Kt takes B P	R to R 2nd

Black's game is now very cramped.

8. B to Q 3rd	P to Q Kt 3rd	27. Kt to Q 6 (ch)	B takes Kt
9. Kt to R 3rd	Kt to Q 2nd	28. B takes B	Q takes P
10. Q to Kt 4th	Kt to K 3rd	29. R to Q B sq	Q takes Kt

Castling would lose at once by 11. B takes P (ch) etc.

11. Kt to Kt 5th	P to K R 4th	30. P to B 5th	Kt takes K 1 st
12. Q to Kt 3rd	Q to K B sq	31. R takes Kt	Kt takes B
13. Castles	P to K B 4th	32. R to B 7th (ch)	K to B sq
14. P to K R 4th	P to Q Kt 4th	33. R takes B (ch)	

Leading to the loss of a Pawn, but Black is curiously limited in his choice of moves.

15. P to R 4th	P to R 3rd	34. Q to Kt 5th (ch)	Resigns.
16. P takes P	Q to K 2nd		K to K 2nd
17. P takes B P	Q takes P		

If 33. R takes K, Black would win by Q to Q 8th (ch), followed by 34. — R to Kt 5th (ch).

White, however, does not spoil a pretty and effective ending by any oversight.

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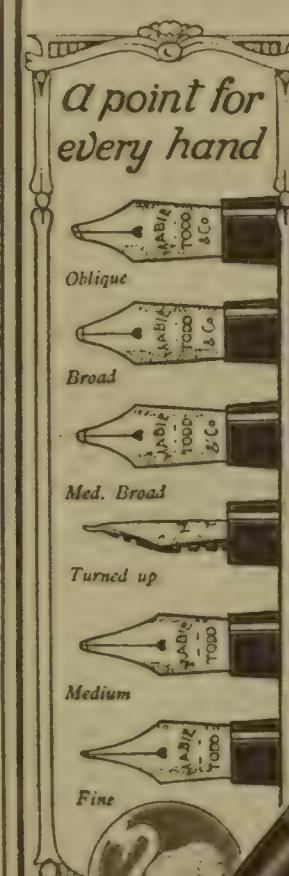
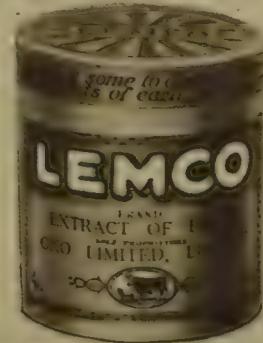
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Jim Sullivan	Ex-Middleweight Champion of England
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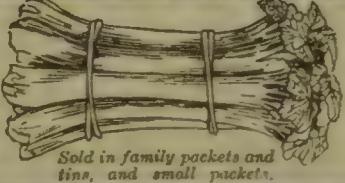
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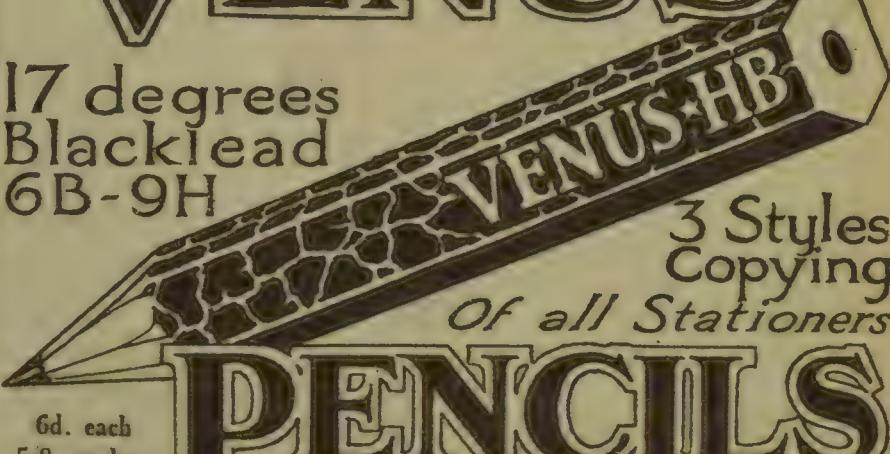
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THE RIVIERA SEASON AT ITS HEIGHT.

WHILST lugubrious patriots at home lament the general state of affairs, when they reach the Riviera they find nothing of that sort matters. How can it? The golden mimosa in cascades on the steeps of the valleys just reflects the sunshine; and the shore, curving in laughing bays, each lovelier than the other, is lapped by a sea out-vying the azure sky; whilst every woman one meets is looking her best in white and furs—delightful combination. How is pessimism possible? Of course it isn't.

In this comfortable frame of mind, battles of flowers become important, likewise fancy-dress balls (all yellow and blue this Carnival), casinos, horse-shows, polo, golf, and, last but not least, picnics.

Carnival is still in our veins, making a brotherhood of fun, despite the superior people.

They, of course, fled to their havens, Monte Carlo, or the enchanting golf-links of Mont Agel, that overhang the Principality, and are a joy and source of health to increasing numbers.

These links are the pride and glory of Monte Carlo. They owe their existence entirely to the resolution and disregard of difficulties of Monte Carlo's wizard, M. Camille Blanc, whose magic wand nothing long resists. The rebellious mountain resented having its rocks dynamited for its shoulder, 3000 feet up, to be made a playground. It already carried a big fort on its crest—enough. So it landslid mightily, carrying off greens and fairways and all. Nothing daunted, men carted tons of earth up the zig-zag road of clever gradients and wonderful coast views, remade like the rest. The links are now, old St. Andrews apart, the most celebrated, and certainly the loveliest and best-loved, in Europe. The Club is excellently managed by the popular and energetic secretary, Mr. Galbraith Horn, who made the pretty Evian Links so prosperous last summer.

The Principality, of course, is packed; indeed, the whole Riviera has never, in all its pre-war history, been so invaded by sun and fun worshippers as now.

FRANCES MARY DE BORRIG.



THE "WIZARD" OF MONTE CARLO: M. CAMILLE BLANC.

Photograph by Enrietti.

OUR FRIENDS IN FRANCE.

A LETTER FROM AN ENGLISHWOMAN IN PARIS.

Paris.

THE decision to raise the three great French Generals—Fayolle, Lyautey, and Franchet d'Esperey—to the rank of Marshals of the French Army is a just, though tardy, recognition of their services to the nation.

It was General Fayolle who co-operated so brilliantly with the British troops in the series of battles fought on the Somme (previously he had commanded the 70th Division at Nancy and in Artois); and it was General Fayolle who, when the Armistice came, was given supreme command of the French Army of Occupation, from whence he was recalled to become a member of the Conseil Supérieur de la Guerre in Paris.

General Franchet d'Esperey may be said to be the hero of the Battle of the Marne, for it was his army which penetrated the German lines, the immediate result of which was the precipitate retreat of the German Army, and an important turning point in the

cult period of the war he undoubtedly rendered the greatest service to France.

France has honoured the Army through these three distinguished soldiers, and the Army will heartily endorse their promotion to the highest rank of all. Maréchaux Joffre and Foch are already members of the Institut de France, where they sit among the "Immortals," and there are many who would wish to see the three new Maréchaux members of the same distinguished body; but the membership is strictly limited to forty.

M. Poincaré is at the moment drawing all intellectual Paris to hear his brilliant lectures on the origin of the war, the second of which he delivered this week to a distinguished and enthusiastic audience. Famous soldiers and politicians crowded the floor of the hall, and stood patiently throughout the lecture.

M. Poincaré has much to recommend him as a lecturer; he is clear and incisive in his statements, and does not obscure the issue by too much detail; his well-modulated voice is pleasant to listen to, and carries without apparent effort to the farthest corners of the lecture-hall; while his diction, doubtless from long practice in public speaking, is faultless. Add to the foregoing qualities a perfect command of the French language, and you have, perhaps, all the elements of the ideal lecturer. No man is better able to throw light upon the events which immediately preceded the outbreak of the European War, and the world will be the richer for the information he is able to impart.

By a fortunate coincidence (or should we call it by another name?), M. Maurice Paléologue has contributed this month to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* the first of a series of articles on the last days of his mission as Ambassador at Petrograd. He paints a brilliant word-picture of the days immediately preceding the declaration of war, when the German Ambassador, acting on urgent instructions from Berlin, was pulling every conceivable wire to retard the mobilisation of the vast Russian armies; of the general atmosphere of nervous tension which pervaded the Embassies chiefly concerned in the great crisis; and of the little incidents which afterwards assumed such immense importance. The veil is lifted on the whole of that most interesting period.



A "VILLE LUMIÈRE" OF THE RIVIERA: MONTE CARLO BY NIGHT.

war. It was General Franchet d'Esperey who withstood the fierce attacks of the enemy on the famous Chemin des Dames, and around the shattered Fort of Malmaison, recaptured again and again from the enemy by dogged French troops under the leadership of a great General.

General Lyautey's name will be associated for all time with Morocco; by his firm rule and patient administration of that country during the most diffi-

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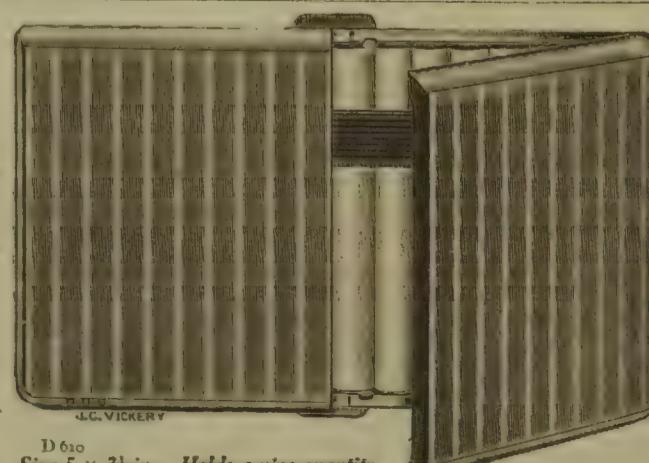
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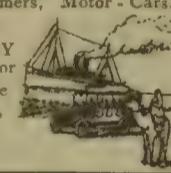
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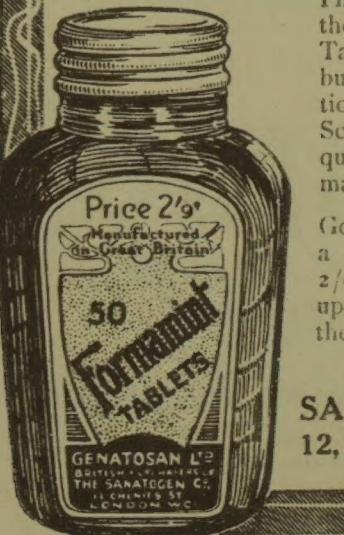
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Car Prices Now and Later. In view of certain reductions which have been made in the prices of cars, there is a well-nigh universal movement in the trade to guarantee to purchasers benefit from any further fall between now and the end of summer. This guarantee takes the shape of an undertaking on the part of the manufacturer to refund to the present purchaser any difference there may be in the price now paid and any lower figure fixed between the date of purchase and the assigned date—say, six months hence. This has been found necessary in order to restore the confidence of the public, which has held aloof from buying in the hope and belief that prices are destined to undergo a drastic cutting process. It is a very salutary—even essential—arrangement in the circumstances, and should assist in helping sales back to normal by establishing the bona-fides of the manufacturing trade in the eyes of the potential car-purchaser.

Apart from these guarantees, if I were asked for advice in the matter of buying or not, I should certainly say that the proper course is not to wait. In spite of recent price reductions, I do not see how the general trend is to be downward for some considerable time to come. Such reductions as have been made have generally been dictated by the necessity to turn stocks into ready money, and have meant a loss to the manufacturer. In a few cases they have been made as a result of cutting down costs in one way or another. I know of one case in which reduction has been effected by the adoption of methods of finishing which the manufacturer would have scouted two years ago, but which have enabled him to save considerably on his body-work. Added to this, an alteration in equipment by the substitution of a cheap electrical installation for the one that was standard in last year's model meant a further substantial reduction in works' cost. The public has had the benefit—not an unmixed blessing, to my way of thinking—of both these savings. But not every maker is prepared to take this road to reduction, nor is the one who declines to be blamed. Therefore, I

cannot see that actual costs are likely to undergo reduction yet. Even if wages come down and material costs should follow, it must not be forgotten that for many months to come makers will be assembling manufactured parts which have gone through at the earlier prices, and thus the cost of the completed car will not undergo change. All things considered, I should say that now is the time to buy, when prices have been forced down by the need for ready cash. They are much more likely to harden in the course of the next three or four months than they are to fall.

and of possessing a reputation which is second to none for the production of a sound, reliable series of cars. It is a natural consequence that they should be doing good business when others of more recent growth should find the market depressed against them.

I was particularly pleased to have an opportunity of seeing the methods employed in the construction of the three chassis which form the present Wolseley series of a six-cylinder 24-30-h.p., a 15-h.p. four-cylinder "general purposes" car, and a 10-h.p. four-cylinder light car. I particularly liked the "Fifteen,"

which is remarkable for its clean design and for the sweet running of the new overhead-valve engine. The "Ten," too, is also remarkable for its new engine, which is generally of the same type as the other. I know of no light-car motor which seems to run quite as smoothly as this new Wolseley. What the car is like on the road I do not know, but on its general design I should say it would rank very far up in the class. All round, the Wolseley Company deserves to be congratulated on the results their policy has produced, especially in a period of acute depression such as we are passing through now.



WHERE TRADE DEPRESSION IS UNKNOWN: A BUSY SCENE IN ONE OF THE WOLSELEY MACHINE SHOPS.

Wolseley Activity.

Recently I have spent quite a lot of time in visiting various factories in different parts of the country, and, to put it as mildly as possible, I have not been impressed by any general air of prosperity. Last week, however, I had a chance by way of a visit to the Wolseley works at Birmingham. Every shop was working full time, and I understand that no fewer than 120 cars a week are being completed, and, what is more to the point, delivered to actual purchasers. Of course, the Wolseley Company has the advantage of being one of the pioneer firms of the motor trade,

Theft and the Registration Book. One of the main reasons advanced in favour of the new

Roads Act and its licensing provisions was that these latter—and particularly the "registration book"—would be a safeguard against theft of cars. I myself thought so, and, therefore, supported the idea, while opposing the compulsion to display the license. I cannot see how a thief is going to be able successfully to dispose of a car unless he can get possession of

the registration book, which the lawful owner keeps under lock and key at home. Obviously, if he cannot produce the title-deeds of the car he cannot deal with it.

Now, however, my faith has been shaken, because the Ministry of Transport is solemnly warning the public that it does not follow that because the vendor of a car produces the title-deeds he has a right to them. I am inclined to suspect some subtlety here. Does it mean that the Ministry really thinks that all cars belong to it *de facto* as well as *de jure*?

W. W.

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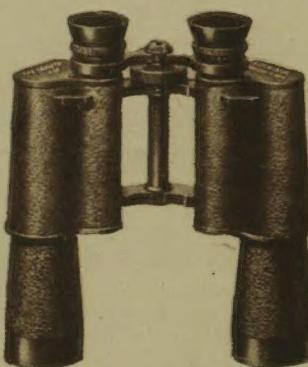
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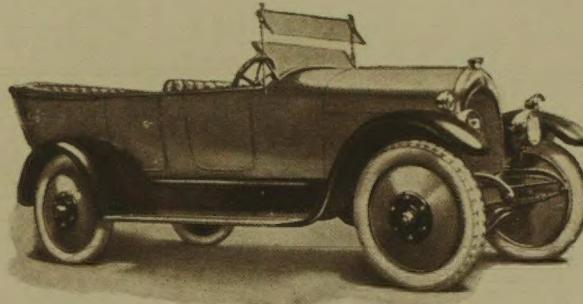
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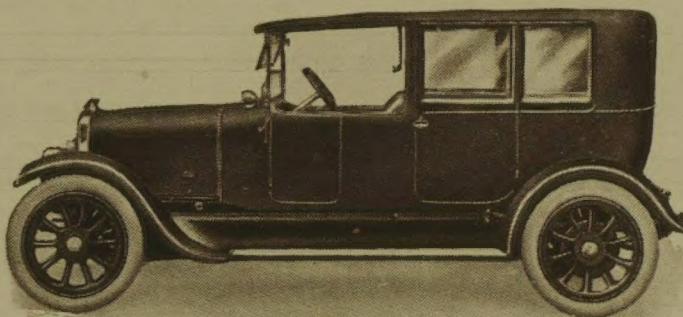
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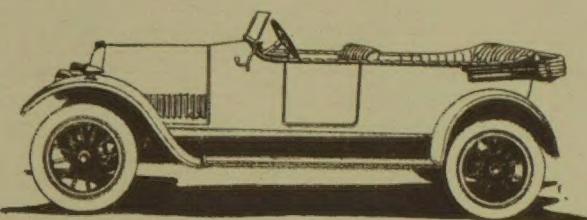
WHAT IS THE BEST CAR OF THE YEAR?

Mr. W. H. Berry, the well-known Motoring Editor, said, in an article which recently appeared in the *Daily Dispatch*: "Here we reach the problem of what is the best car of the year. Taking everything into consideration—factory, service, design and material used—I have no hesitation in casting my vote for the 16 h.p. TALBOT-DARRACQ 4-cylinder."

Mr. Berry's opinion of the 16 h.p. TALBOT-DARRACQ was based on a thorough examination and trial of this model before it was placed on the market at the last Olympia Show. Hereunder we reproduce one of the many appreciative letters from actual owners received daily, any one of which provides additional testimony to the soundness of Mr. Berry's judgment.

"I feel I should like to write and tell you how well the new 16 h.p. car I had from you last week behaved in the London to Edinburgh Reliability Trial last week-end. During the whole run out and home—a distance of 950 miles, covered in 3½ days—the car ran perfectly..... J.O."

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"THE MYSTERY OF EXISTENCE."

In these days a philosopher who takes an optimistic view of life is a person to be encouraged, and we are glad to call attention to a little book which propounds a scientific faith that is full of hope for the future. The author is Mr. Charles Wicksteed Armstrong, and his book is called "The Mystery of Existence, in the Light of an Optimistic Philosophy; to which is added A Brief Study of the Sex Problem in its Relation to Social Evolution" (Grant Richards). The first part was published eleven years ago, but the chapter on the sex problem is new. In spite of its cumbersome title, the work itself is terse and compact, full of concentrated thought, and the author's

conclusions are stated very briefly. It is not possible to summarise them adequately in a few words, but it may be said that he divides human consciousness into the subliminal and the supraliminal, and regards it as part of the World Spirit, or God, and as tending constantly towards greater individualisation, knowledge and power, until at last, in the course of millions of years, man will attain complete mastery over nature. He attaches great importance to man's taking a guiding hand in his own evolution by applying the precepts of eugenics, and in the supplementary chapter he brings this doctrine into the sphere of practical politics as the only means of ensuring the safety of the British Empire and of France, and the prevention of future danger from

Germany. The book is frankly unconventional, and likely to provoke controversy: at the same time, it is deeply sincere and merits careful study.

"Kelly's Handbook to the Titled, Landed, and Official Classes" (Kelly's Directories, Ltd.) has been made more useful than ever by the inclusion, in the new 1921 edition, of the names of prominent business men, such as the chairmen and directors of the chief railways and public companies. These additions have increased its bulk by about sixty pages, at the same time enhancing its value as a source of information often not obtainable elsewhere. Its alphabetical arrangement makes it particularly handy for reference.

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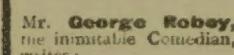
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